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SPY

February 1993 Volume 7

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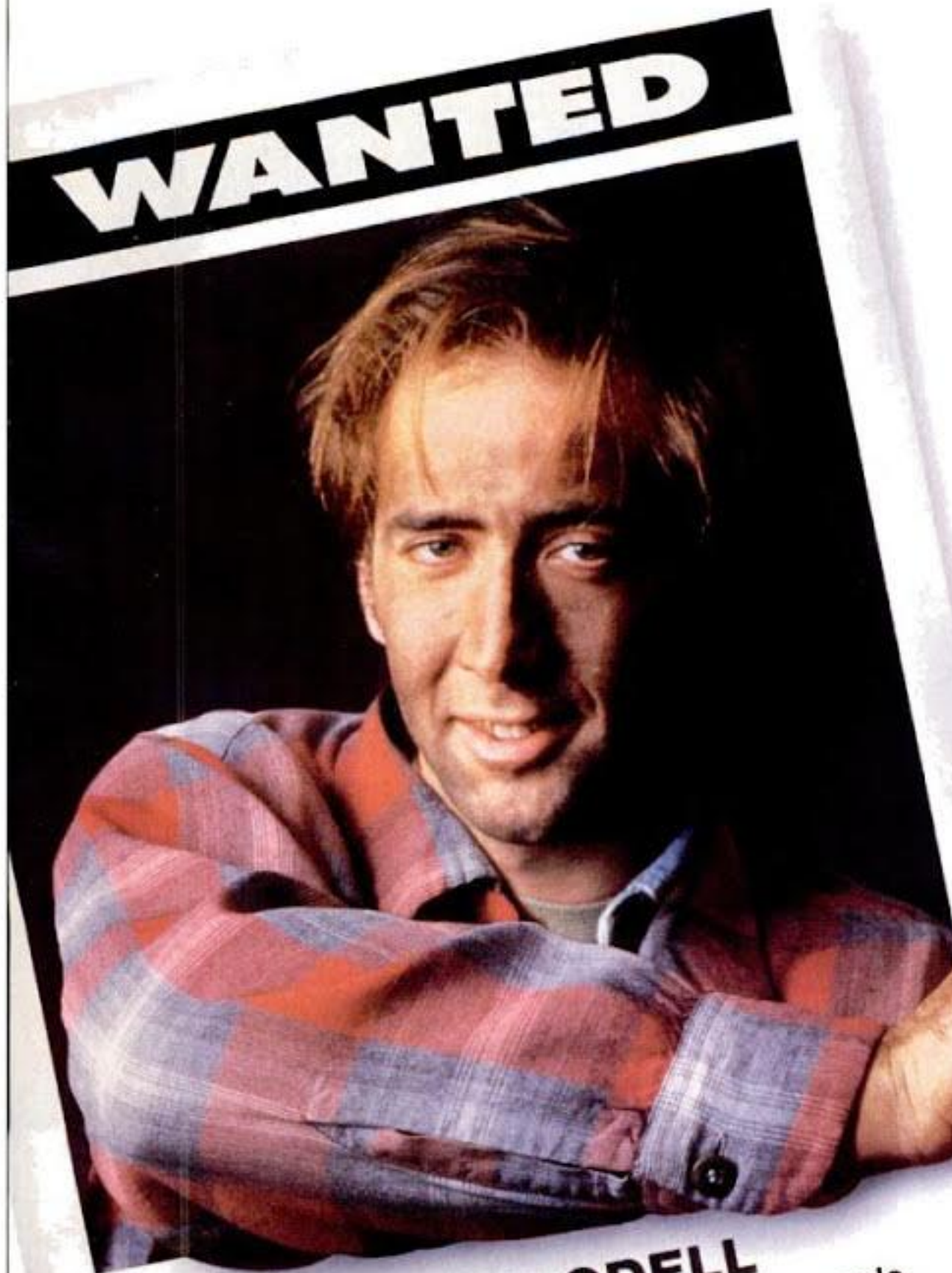
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NICOLAS CAGE

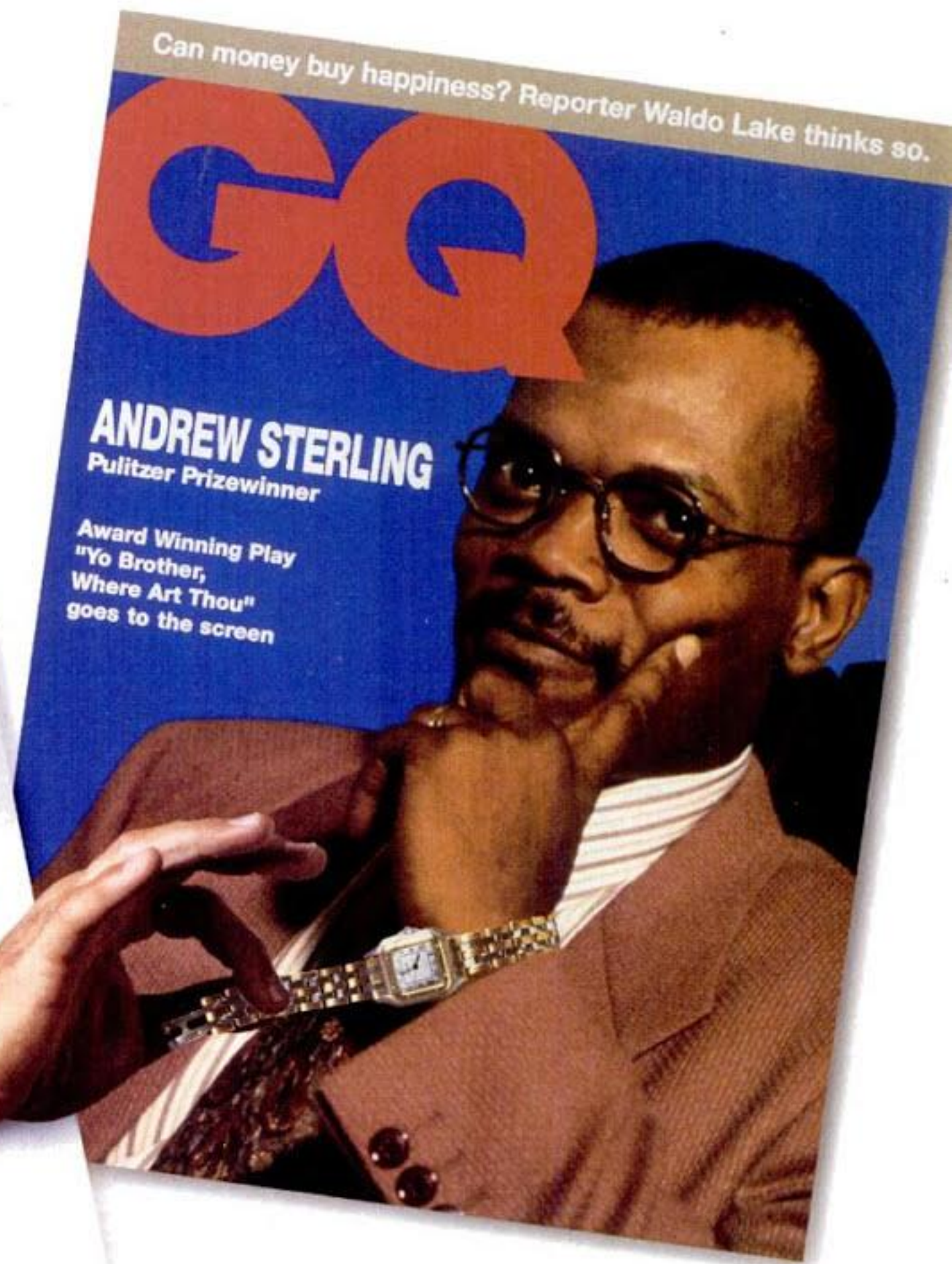
SAMUEL L. JACKSON



AMOS ODELL

Height: 6'1"
Complexion: medium

Sex: male
Race: white



Amos & Andrew

CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENTS A MAX FRYE PICTURE NICOLAS CAGE
SAMUEL L. JACKSON "AMOS & ANDREW" MICHAEL LERNER MARGARET COLIN BRAD DOURIF AS "DONALDSON"
AND DABNEY COLEMAN MUSIC BY RICHARD GIBBS EDITOR JANE KURSON PRODUCTION DESIGNER PATRICIA NORRIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALT LLOYD
CO-PRODUCED BY JACK CUMMINS AND MARSHALL PERSINGER PRODUCED BY GARY GOETZMAN WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY E. MAX FRYE

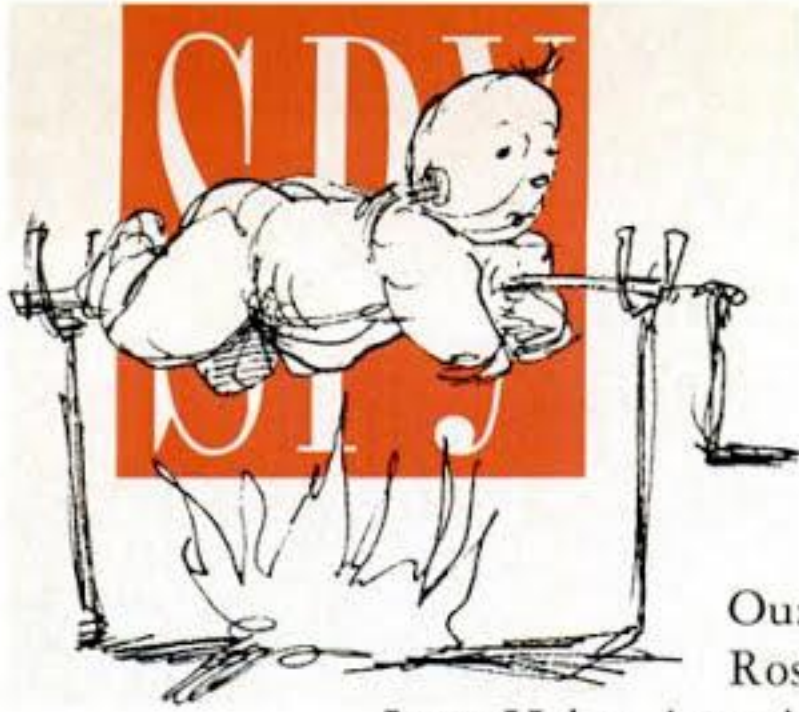


NEW LINE CINEMA



At Theatres This February

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► Rock 'n' roll pioneer Chuck Berry is 60-plus. But instead of contemplating retirement or simply playing "My Ding-A-Ling" for the 6,947th time, the Hall of Famer is involved in at least seven lawsuits—involving more than 200 women—relating to disgu...er, *unusual* sexual proclivities. MIKE SAGER recounts all the sordid details and leaves you wondering, *Did I really need to know this?* 58

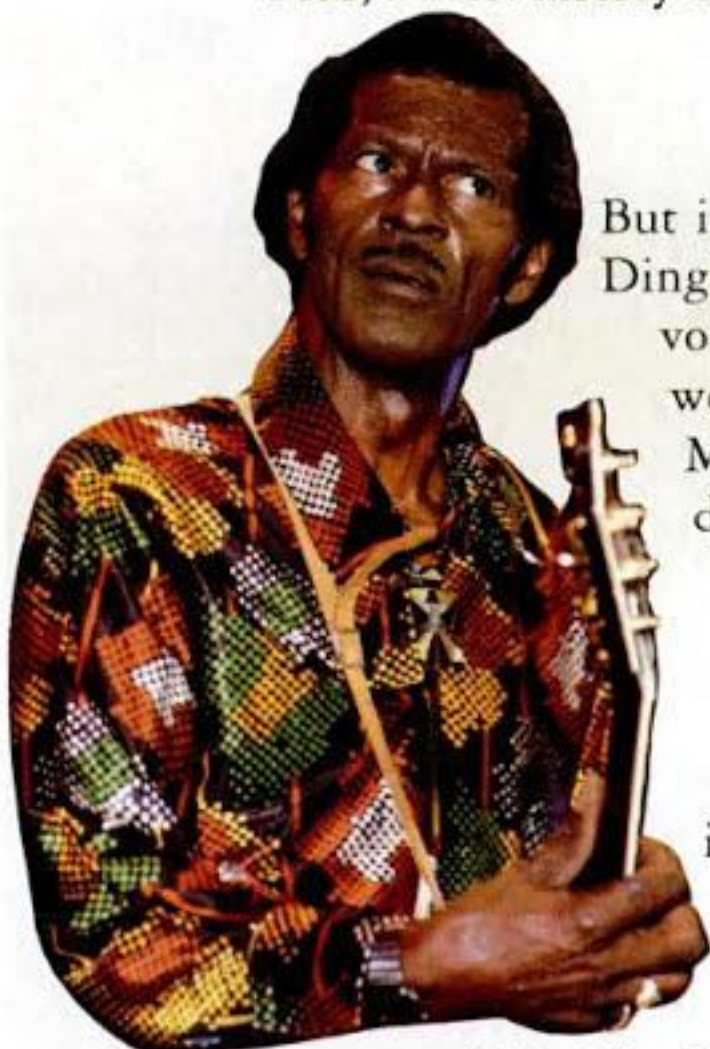
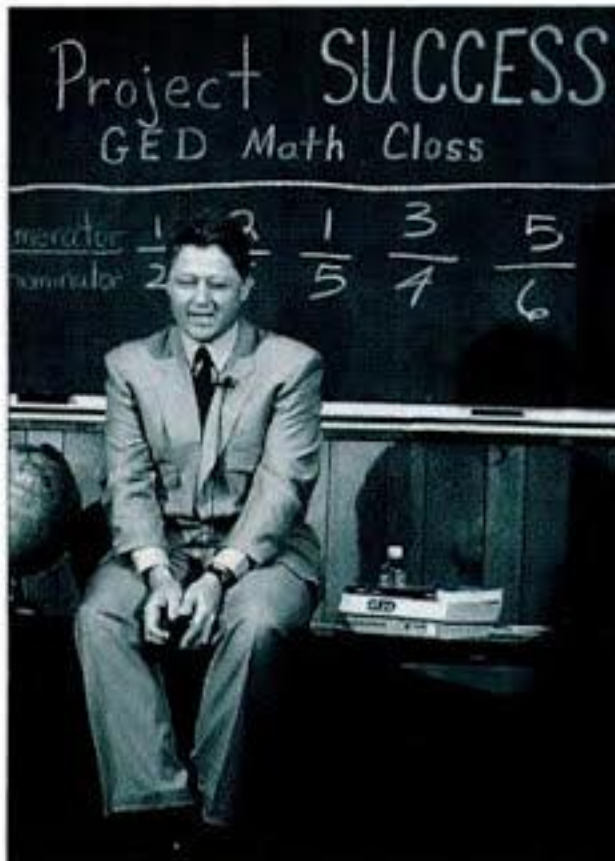
Columns

► LAUREN HOBBS watches a spider queen navigate from CNN to ABC in **The Webs**; CELIA BRADY gauges the aftershocks jiggling **The Industry** this winter and runs into—who else?—Mike Ovitz and Sparky Katzenberg lurking around the epicenter 14

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THE COVER
Photographed by
Carolyn Jones.
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Free advice

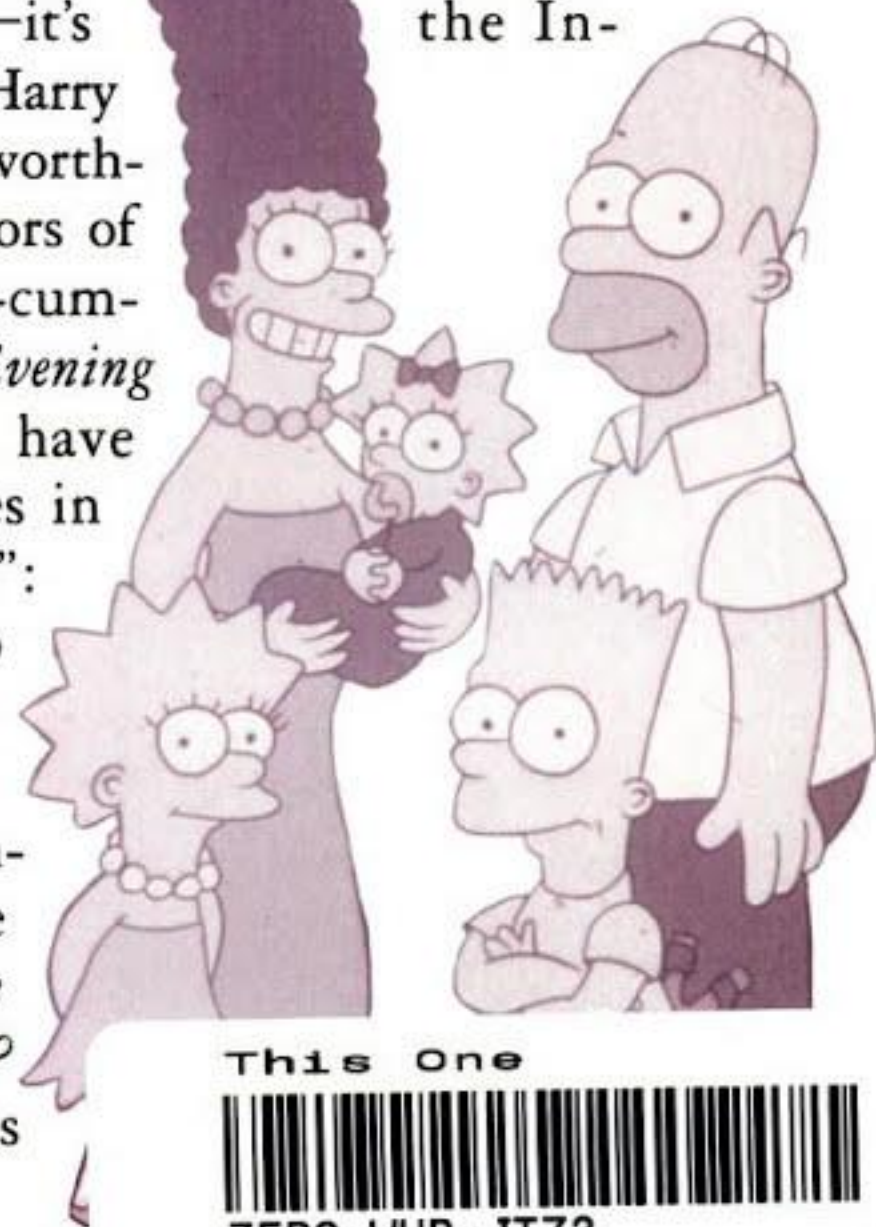
FREE ADVICE, SOMEONE ONCE TOLD US, IS WORTH SOMETHING OR OTHER, WE FORGET EXACTLY. AND SO IT IS WITH MUCH OF THE ADVICE OUR NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY HAVE BEEN

getting lately: freely given, easily forgotten.

Remind us: In that *Times* Op-Ed piece, was it Neil Bush or Patti Davis who advised Chelsea, "There are secret passageways upstairs in the White House. Find them and use them, because you'll need to hide out sometimes"? And who advised Hillary not to "eat" the White House reporters—Fran Sinclair, the big, rubbery mom on ABC's *Dinosaurs*, or Roseanne Arnold, the, um, other ABC comedy star? And which unnamed top State Department official urged a continuing role for that WASPy

former top administration official from Texas, what's-his-name? It's on the tip of our—no, sorry, it's gone. Anyway, who has time to listen, what with described as "touches of Wood-Beverly Hillbillies, a dash of MTV"! *Gilligan's Island* stage musical—it's augural, for which producers Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodsworth-Thomason, America's purveyors of liberal middle-aged wisdom-cum-sexiness (*Designing Women*, *Evening Shade*, Hillary's makeover), have promised "the biggest names in the entertainment business": PBS's Barney the Dinosaur (no relation to Fran), maybe Jerry Garcia, and Judy Collins, possibly singing "Chelsea Morning," by that Canadian hippie chick Joni Mitchell. *PBS? The Dead? Canadian folk songs?* (The sound you just heard was

an event the *Times* stock, a hint of the No, not the new the In-



This One



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Great Expectations

George Bush smacking his forehead and going *Dobh!*, Homer Simpson-style.) And did we mention Maya Angelou, who said her recitation of verse at the Inauguration "restores poetry to its role at the center of our culture"? Hey, is it this week or next that James Merrill and John Ashbery guest-star on *Full House*?

After all the Inaugural excitement, what a letdown to settle in and actually be president, which requires coexistence with Robert Dole. "They want change," Dole said of our recent electoral whim. "Well, we want to be responsible and deliver change, whatever that means, but we're skeptical." Fortunately, with the economy suddenly recovering nicely (*Dobh!*), Clinton can now reorder his priorities according to the prevailing winds, or however he puts it. Our advice, freely given:

- *Increase funding for health education by satirical New York monthlies.* This pressing need was brought home when Magic Johnson was hounded out of the NBA by colleagues afraid of bumping into him hard enough to contract the AIDS virus. "We've had meetings with the doctors and everyone said, 'No,'" Knicks guard Doc Rivers explained. "But somebody might read some wild report from SPY magazine and think, 'Oh, no, this could happen.'"

- *Repardon Nixon.* If that muck-raking *New Yorker* is to be believed, Nixon committed crimes as president *completely unrelated* to Watergate, violating the spirit of the Ford pardon. To reheal those wounds, he needs to be repardoned.

- *Pardon Bush.* Dana Carvey has a movie deal; it's time to move on.

- *Appoint a decency czar.* You can't even trust Disney to be wholesome: December's *Best of Country '92* TV special featured the Bad Girl Dancers, who were such bad girls, *they actually offended male country singers on the program.* Amy Sacks of Disney brushed off the complaints: "There

were things we wouldn't use. There was a black leather whip thing, and we killed it." Not good enough. We need to appoint a self-appointed TV censor, like *Married...With Children's* nemesis Terry Rakolta. Alas, over the holidays Rakolta totaled a \$100,000 Dodge Viper while speeding in a residential neighborhood with an expired license and an unidentified young man to whom she is not married. (This wild report from SPY magazine *did* happen.) So how about Bill Cosby for decency czar instead? "Take Fox's *The Simpsons*," Cos's publicist said when asked how he'd run a network. "Cosby'd structure the story line to provide more insight—asking, 'Why doesn't Bart Simpson want to do his homework?'" Presumably Cosby'd ask the Bad Girl Dancers, "Why do you want to be bad?"

- *Don't push the generational thing too hard; there is a scary side.* "It's awesome to see somebody who looks like me...given this tremendous burden," *Rolling Stone's* Jann Wenner said of Clinton. "I feel it all the more, because *I could be in those shoes.*"

- *Tell people it's okay to be a Pepper again.* Recognizing that a new kind of Democrat needs a new, moderate soft drink, Dr Pepper is playing down its out-of-the-brown-carbonated-beverage-mainstream image. Today's Peppers, says Young & Rubicam, have the "spirit of individuality, but not quirky, not contrary—in a more conventional framework."

- *Deal with this worm-sperm situation.* The *Times* recently reported that making sperm shortens male worms' lives by a third. "Those of us working with nematodes hold it as an article of faith that the biochemical processes nematodes use are the same as those humans use," said researcher Philip Anderson. "But, gosh, I hope it isn't true....It would be awful to make the suggestion that one way to live longer is to castrate yourself at a young age." He's right; somebody might read some wild report from SPY magazine and think, *Oh, no!*

Oh, no. ☹



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From the SPY Mailroom



We're excited. We're

seriously considering packing up the whole operation—the computers, the back issues, the SPY sunglasses, the freshwater fish tank—and moving our offices to Kentucky. Why? Because we've been invited! In a handsome brochure, Governor Brereton C. Jones (an appropriately sonorous name for a holder of high office, by the way) informs us that “there are many reasons why you, as a corporate manager, should consider Kentucky when you are looking for the best possible location.” We just work in the mailroom, remember, but we'll certainly pass the word along. Before we can relocate anywhere, though, we've got unfinished business here, so let's get to it.

We love this new administration already. A question from Deborah A. Wilson of Austin, Texas: “What the fuck does *wonk* mean?” William Safire already covered this, Deb; that's what he's there for. He gives one definition of *wonk* as a derisive term for an excessively studious student and traces it back, possibly, to the Chinese *huang gou*, or “yellow dog,” meaning an animal that works slavishly. Much like Safire himself.

A question from C. Mulrooney of L.A. regarding American composers Elliott Carter and Milton Babbitt and why their work never gets performed at the New York Philharmonic's season premiere: “Imagine Carter and Babbitt, the greatest composers in America, now in their eighties and seventies, respectively, every year hearing the Philharmonic's premiere on PBS and *never getting played*. Who the fuck do you have to be?” Well, C., we dialed phone numbers until our fingers were bloody stumps but could find no one at the

Letters to SPY

Bills and Chains

I have decided to respond to some of the charges leveled against me as a “Congressional Wife” in your magazine [“Stop Filibustering and Take Out the Trash!,” by Rudy Maxa and Andrea Rider, October 1992].

I work in my husband's office as one of many senior volunteers connected with our work, which is basically serving the public. The statement “If things weren't perfect, she'd hurl anything she could get her hands on...” is a completely false assumption. Nothing even remotely resembling such an outburst has ever taken place. I never express anything but appreciation for work I see done, but mostly I do not really keep tabs on what others are doing.

As far as interns fetching my dry cleaning, this is another situation that has never taken place. I've given countless tours of the Capitol for each new arriving intern. I have taken out every intern who has served in our office for lunch at our own expense. I make great effort to plug interns into projects that will correlate with their own interests and at the same time help them to accomplish something useful to our constituents.

When people come to our office with problems that are outside usual office routine, such as the persecution of minorities in Africa, or the Gypsies in Romania, I try to extend to them some help.

As for the anonymous intern who chose to describe my style as “bombastic” and “nightmarish,” that is his business. Most people feel I am a cheerful and enthusiastic person. Beauty or ugliness is a subjective matter, but statements about actions I have never taken is quite another, such as the one made by an any-

mous congressional spouse, “I think she goes to the toilet with her husband.” In fact, regretfully, I barely see my husband during the day in the office, and I can assure you I have never gone to the men's room with my husband or anybody else.

Annette Lantos

Hillsborough, California

It has been my privilege to work with Mrs. Lantos for the last 12 years [as district representative in Rep. Lantos's California office], and during those years my respect and admiration for her untiring efforts in behalf of all living beings has grown enormously. She is courageous and not easily daunted. There was no sudden change in Mrs. Lantos at the time of her husband's election. As a survivor of the Holocaust, for years prior to 1980 she worked in behalf of the oppressed and persecuted. Among her other activities, she rescued Raoul Wallenberg, the hero of the Holocaust who saved thousands from the gas chambers, from oblivion.

Evelyn Szelenyi

Millbrae, California

I have worked with Mrs. Annette Lantos [in Rep. Lantos's Washington office] for five years and was upset by your negative, cheap and superficial article. You totally misrepresented her activities in her husband's office. I wish that you had called the many members of Congress, both Republican and Democrat, who admire her dedication, respect her work and consider her a model for women in public service.

Your article quoted an intern. I am surprised, because Mrs. Lantos is the only member's spouse I know who gives the office interns a personal tour of the Capitol, treats them to

lunch in the Members' Dining Room (at the congressman's expense) and gives each intern a gift at a farewell party. She is a kind person who spends time with each intern to make sure their responsibilities reflect the issues that interest them.

I know that SPY must focus on the cheap and superficial. I only ask that you focus on the quirks of human-rights abusers like Mu'ammarr Qaddafi of Libya or Li Peng of China before attacking a human-rights leader like Annette Lantos.

Alexandra Arriaga
Arlington, Virginia

I find it very sad that you so grossly misrepresent Mrs. Annette Lantos, with whom I have worked [in Rep. Lantos's California office] on human-rights concerns for eight years, and whom I greatly love and admire.

During eight years of close association with Mrs. Lantos and the entire staff working under her husband, I have always seen her tirelessly kind, appreciative and considerate, even when physically exhausted—not only to me, but to every one of the more than 100 interns with whom I have seen her interact.

People who devote their lives to human rights, as has Mrs. Lantos since well before her husband was elected to Congress, are often survivors of much more suffering than the rest of us can imagine. Like Mrs. Lantos, a survivor of the Holocaust, they often have learned equanimity in the face of much more insult and injury than you can offer.

Margery Farrar
Pacifica, California

We would have dismissed the similarities between the above letters if Lantos's and Szelenyi's had not used the identical page composition and had not been typed with a ribbon that was the same lovely shade of blue. (Farrar's envelope was typed in the same shade as well.) As far as we can recall, SPY had never before received a letter typed with a blue ribbon. But then, we had never before written about a congressman's wife with a poodle named Gigi. We stand by our reporting.

Top Ten Neuroses

At the risk of sounding too hateful toward your usually-grounded-in-the-truth reporters, I have to take exception to your recent Woody Allen piece "Is That a Peccadillo in Your Oeuvre...?" [November]. Despite what Larry Doyle stated in his opening paragraph, *Husbands and Wives* was screened at the Seth Childs Cinema in Manhattan, Kansas—not at the Westloop Six. I mean, let's get it right: Seth Childs is the theater with drink holders right in the armrests, whereas Westloop is notable only for its Day-Glo yellow-orange rec-room-of-the-damned atmosphere. *Sheesh!*

As far as Manhattanites lining up to see it, there were lines at the concession stand and at the pinball machine. For the handful of us actually in the theater, we were able to wistfully watch alone. Manhattan, much like the rest of the country, was still in the thrall of the umpteenth screenings of *A League of Their Own* and *Sister Act*. Introspection and subtlety are fine and dandy, but singing nuns and Madonna playing baseball—that's art, Tex.

Mark Butler
Chicago, Illinois

You mean you actually saw *Husbands and Wives*?

As an ex-employee of *Late Night*, I'm sure I could come up with more than ten reasons not to work for David Letterman. However, Lauren Hobbs's article [The Webs, October] had an inaccuracy too ridiculous to ignore: Dave would never send a sandwich back. He would just spend an entire day complaining about it.

Name withheld
West Palm Beach, Florida

Other Voices, Other Letters

Thank you for your wonderfully revealing article about the suspicious death of reporter Danny Casolaro, "Dead Right" [by John Connolly, December/January]. Here's a Water-

Philharmonic with an answer. Of course, your question had absolutely nothing to do with any article in SPY, but we mailroom wonks aim to please.

A question from Bruce Allen of North Ferrisburg, Vermont: "Why did the man deliver the 50-pound bags of birdseed to the pornography shop?" ("It's a Wonderful Town!," November 1992). Oh, Vermonters can be so naive. But, sorry, Bruce, we can't answer your question, because you didn't say this month's magic word, *fuck* (which is what we'll probably miss most when we settle in Louisville).

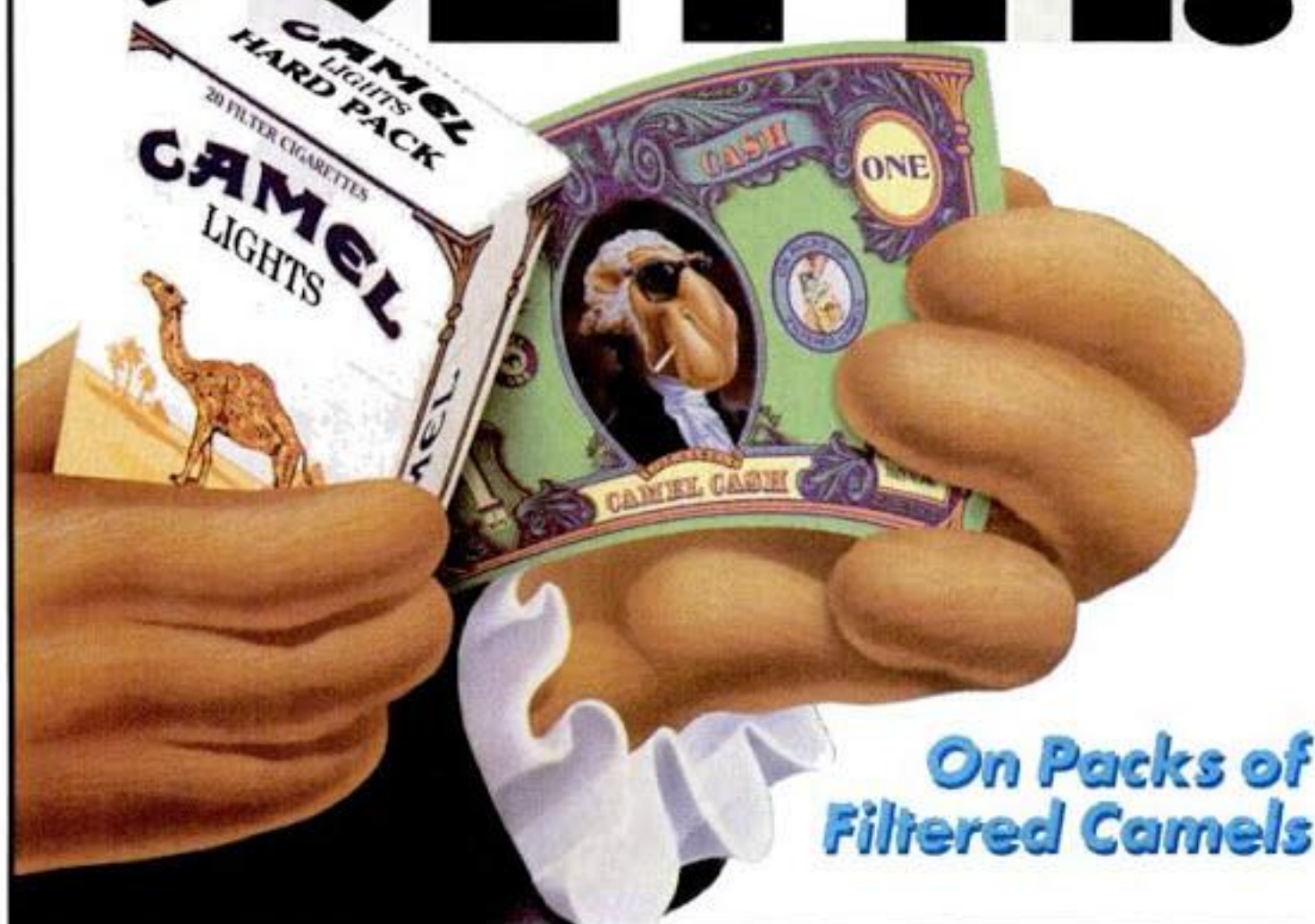
"Just a note" from Jay Abbot of L.A. "to let you know that your magazine has just surpassed *Rolling Stone* on my list of things to read on the toilet." Why do we hear Casey Kasem in the background? *Moving up three notches this month to No. 2...* Please, Jay, don't send us the rest of the list. And just a note from Coleman Gregory of Manhattan (*Coleman Gregory!* Have you considered running for office?) calling our attention to a newspaper-supplement ad encouraging people to "visit the friendly island of Cyprus." The ad features a picture of a friendly elderly Cypriot who looks a great deal like our own Walter Monheit™. We're not sure if it actually is Walter; we asked him about it, but nobody here can understand a word he says. In any case, the enticement is futile. We have our hearts set on the Bluegrass State.

Speaking of people of indeterminate identity (no, not Napoleon St. Cyr again; we'll get to him in the next paragraph), Richard Galgano of Manhattan wants to know if Suzy Parker Dillman, who wrote a letter to us in October, is "the Suzy Parker, 1950s supermodel and wife of actor Bradford Dillman. Just last week some friends and I were wondering what had become of her. Any chance of an update, or should I be reading *People?*" First of all, *supermodels* weren't invented until Twiggy. But, ►

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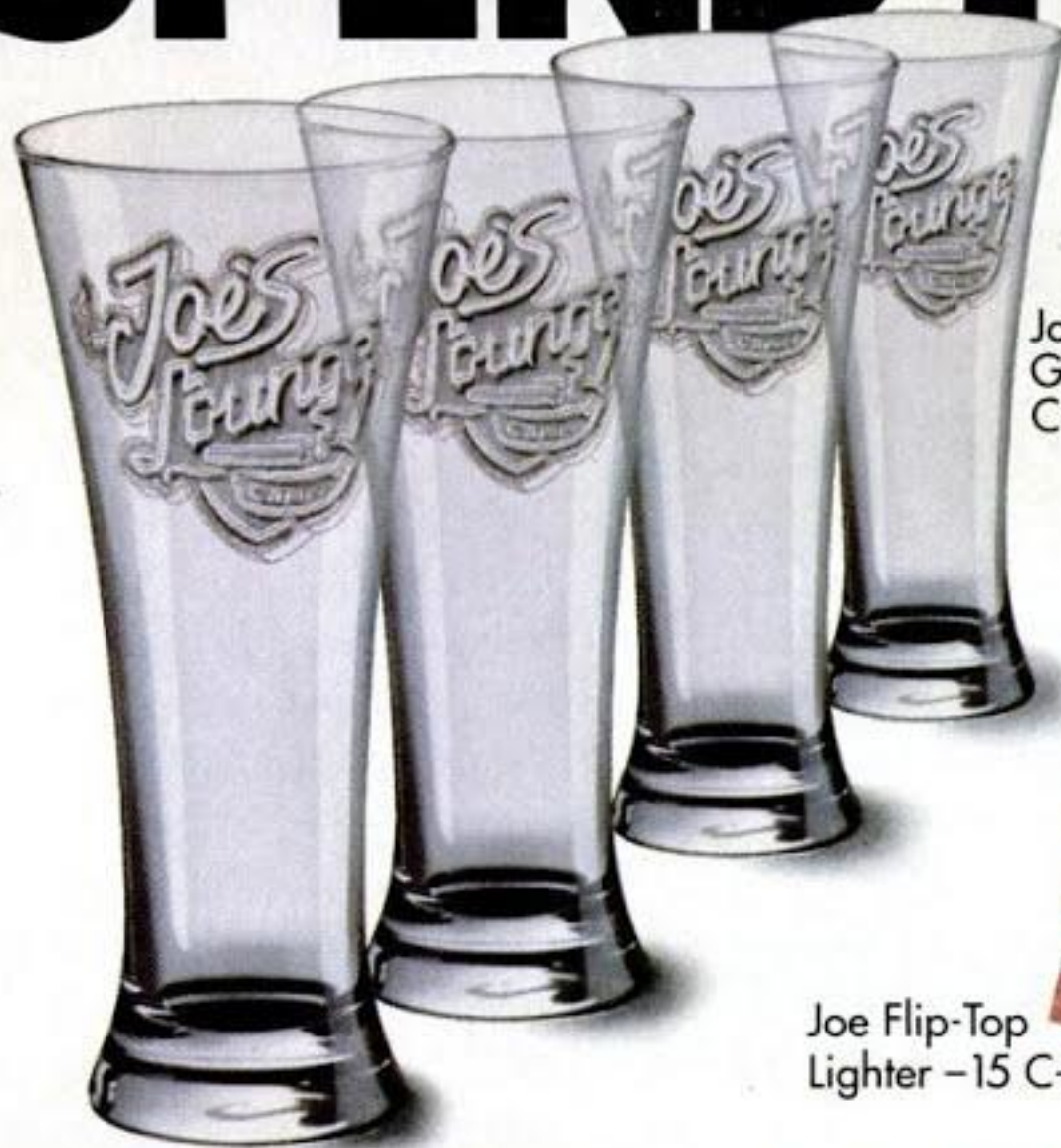
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yes, the two Suzys are one and the same. And an update? Well, she's writing letters to us, so we'd say she probably has a lot of time on her hands.

The latest on Napoleon St. Cyr (see this column last month and, it's beginning to seem, every month since Twiggy): T. Joseph McGrath of—attentive readers will have already guessed—Fairfield, Connecticut, writes, "Napoleon St. Cyr passed away a few years ago." *Then who put his signature on that letter last month?* If anyone knows, please don't tell us.

Another topic that we'd hoped was behind us: "The 50 Stupidest College Courses in America" (by David Kamp, September). Two really angry letters regarding the inclusion on that list of "Canada in World Affairs" from—surprise—Canadians. When we say really angry, of course, we mean as really angry as Canadians can get. One letter, from Calgary's Anne-Marie Erickson, begins, "I must applaud you for..." The other, from Calgary's Jared Wells and Lisa Notacker, begins, "We found it extremely amusing that..." We can only hope that the people of Kentucky will be equally pleasant. And we're fairly certain that, unlike Jared and Lisa, Kentuckians won't quote Bruce Cockburn at us. ☺

Photographs Wanted

SPY is accepting submissions for the Photos to the Editor section. Amusing, amazing, revealing, intriguing and otherwise appropriate photographs are welcome. (All material submitted becomes the property of SPY Corporation, and may be published by SPY in any form. SPY is not responsible for lost or damaged prints or transparencies.) Send all photos, with any necessary explanatory text, to Photos to the Editor, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. ☺

gate just waiting to happen. Even bigger! This one has been suspiciously overlooked by the mainstream media. We're talking an award-winning, truly juicy story ending with the downfall of many cheeseball politicians. Please continue your crafty needlework and don't let this one subside. And don't forget to remind us from time to time just who *is* running this country: organized crime.

Charles De Ainza
Houston, Texas

I just wanted to let you know how much I love your magazine. Your October issue was the best so far. I don't know what I liked best, the "Fantastic Foursome" comics or Henry Kravis giving Liz Smith a tracheotomy in Party Poop.

Patrick Burgess
Granada Hills, California

Celia Brady's November Industry column completely misconstrues the story, if there is one, about Bill Block and InterTalent Agency. The agency was not caught in a financial squeeze. In fact, as the person who signs all the checks, I assure you that InterTalent was a very well managed, extremely lucrative midsize business.

InterTalent's overhead was in line with that of any other service concern, and modest in comparison to those of many other entertainment companies. We obtained very favorable lease terms on the office space. Additionally, InterTalent did not make a large cash outlay to acquire another agency; indeed, the music operation was basically a number of short-term employment agreements—its failure is attributable to one agent's desire to live in Nashville, and the other's incompatible management style.

Robin Russell
Business Affairs
InterTalent Agency Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

All's well at InterTalent? This letter arrived at SPY two weeks after Block and

several other agents bolted from the company, effectively destroying it. Nevertheless, Ms. Russell found its contents so crucial that she sent it \$13 UPS next-day-air instead of simply using a 29-cent stamp. We stand by our account of InterTalent's imprudent lavishness.

I was pleasantly shocked to read in my November issue Henry Alford's article "Games of Chintz." The article's overall tone, especially regarding the showhouses and designers mentioned, was quite accurate.

When participating in a showhouse, designers must consider the appeal to consumers, the theme of the house, innovations to hook the press and the costs that are borne by the designer. In the case of my moss cafeteria chairs, I was left in the cold without chairs one week before the showcase opened. The magnificent set of Chippendale chairs I'd originally intended to use were sold! With little time and a few nightmares, I came up with the moss-covered chairs. To add height to the

folly, the seats were covered in \$200-per-yard silk with pure-silk tassle trim.

Thanks for the mention, and you should see what I do with fungi if you like the moss!

Jamie Gibbs
New York

Very fungi.

"Europe on Three Credits a Day" [by David Kamp, September], in its approach to study-abroad programs, does a disservice to readers generally, and especially to serious students who may, as a result of the article, forgo study-abroad opportunities based on the distorted picture you convey. While it is true that not all study-abroad programs are equally demanding, the same thing can be said about educational offerings in the U.S. It is also true that many students who engage in the activities you cite—living out fantasies, *l'amour*, packing a buzz, and hanging out—do so without leaving the campus at home.

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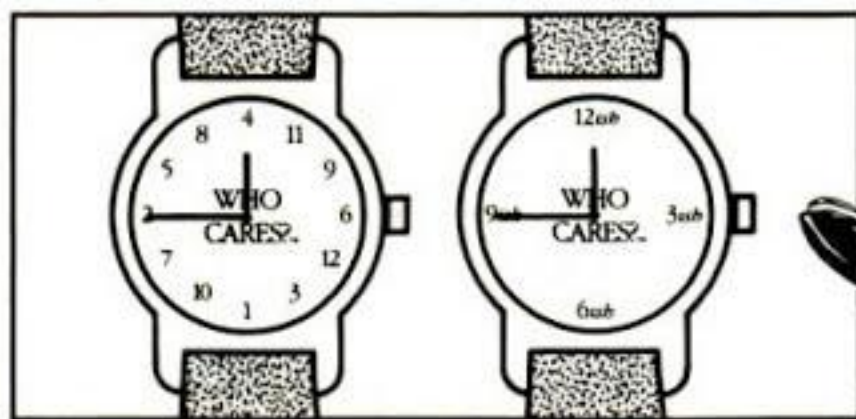
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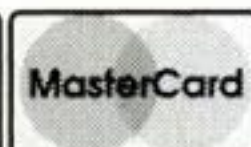


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Indeed, at a time when we are witnessing a surge of nationalism, when there are growing numbers of religious and territorial conflicts, when political boundaries are shifting more rapidly than at any other time in history, and at a time when U.S. business is fighting to remain competitive, it could be argued that more, not fewer, Americans should study and live in foreign countries. If the U.S. is to play a role in shaping the New World Order, and to develop a modus vivendi within it, it is imperative that there be more Americans who can speak the language, understand the history and appreciate the aspirations of people of other nations. It would be hard to imagine a better way to gain this expertise than to live and study in another country.

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Naomi Collins
Executive vice president
NAFSA Association of
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Next month: ridiculous professional-associations-for-individuals-involved-in-international-educational-exchange with expensive Washington offices.

Here's a "What's in a Name?" anagram that came to me while watching 60 Minutes in November:

WOODY ALLEN
WOO ALL, DENY

Roger Weber
Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

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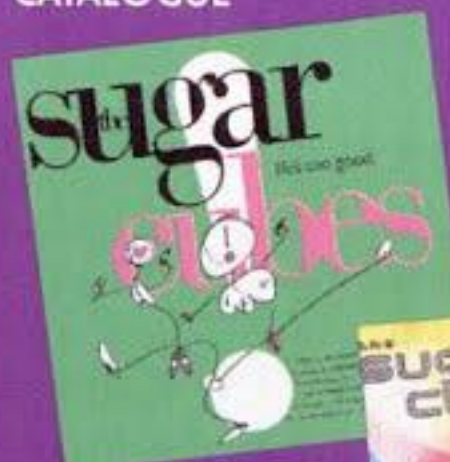
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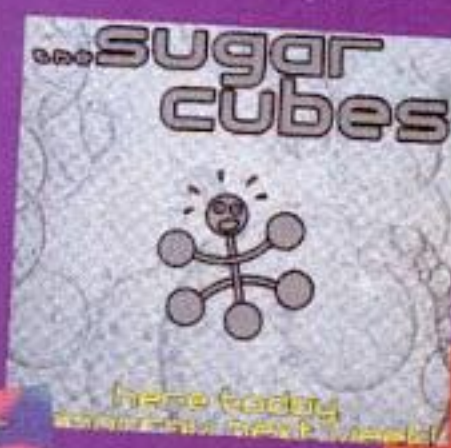
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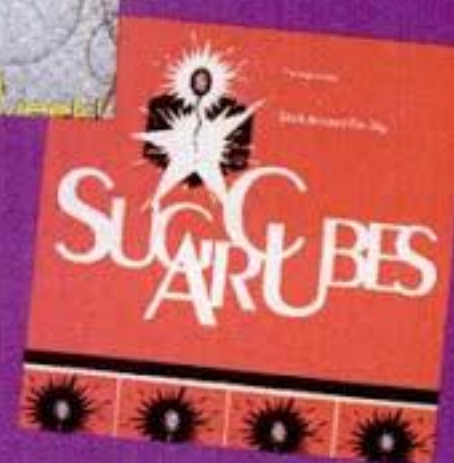
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Does the World Need Another Diane Sawyer?

"She was much beloved," says one CNN anchor about Catherine Crier, the network's star female on-air personality who recently joined ABC. "She will be terribly missed. We hope she falls on her pointy little face." This former colleague's attitude seems representative of the affection most people at CNN feel for the woman who is determined to get her own prime-time show on ABC and has told friends she will be filling in for the big boys—Ted Koppel and Peter Jennings. When the announcement of Crier's departure was made, high fives exploded around CNN's Atlanta newsroom like SCUDs.

While at CNN, where she started working in 1989, Crier was the host of *Crier & Co.*, a weekday interview show, and co-anchored the 1992 election coverage. The complaints about her mostly concern her cold, cold manner and lack of journalistic gravitas. "She was just mean," says the anchor quoted above. She'd never worked in TV before coming to CNN, and this anchor remembers going up to her when she first arrived and saying that if she needed any help, she should just ask. "She fixed me with this Bette Davis stare," the anchor says, "and said, 'Oh, I'm sure it can't be that difficult.'" Not only was she aloof and driven, but Crier also got star treatment—her own makeup artist, flights hither and yon to make glamorous appearances—and this upset the carefully nurtured sense of equality at the scrappy new network. Nor did Crier's humor wear well. When a male anchor told her, after her defection to ABC was announced, that he had been asked to host *Crier & Co.*, she said, "Well, you'd better get a pair of silk panties."

Crier's inexperience in journalism immediately put off her CNN colleagues, but three years later they say the problem wasn't just her lack of training but her lack of interest in journalism altogether. Producers complain that she neglected to read the background reports they assem-

bled on her interviewees, and the CNN politics wonks cringed at her out-of-it campaign ad-libs. "Her motivation wasn't journalism," says a senior CNN staff member. "It was to create this persona." And the persona she created was that of an unapproachable, tough beauty—not a journalist but a star. To increase her wattage, she would wear dresses whose cost was beyond the means of ordinary CNN talent.

Crier has her defenders, though, and her critics have their critics. A woman who worked closely with her points out that she had been a Texas state judge and so was not hired as a clueless cupcake. "She has a brain, she's no lightweight, and she was on the air a huge number of hours a day," this woman says. A producer who knows Crier and CNN well says the CNN staff never got over the fact that she was not present at the creation. In fact, he says, "the CNN people never get over anything. Their attitude is that

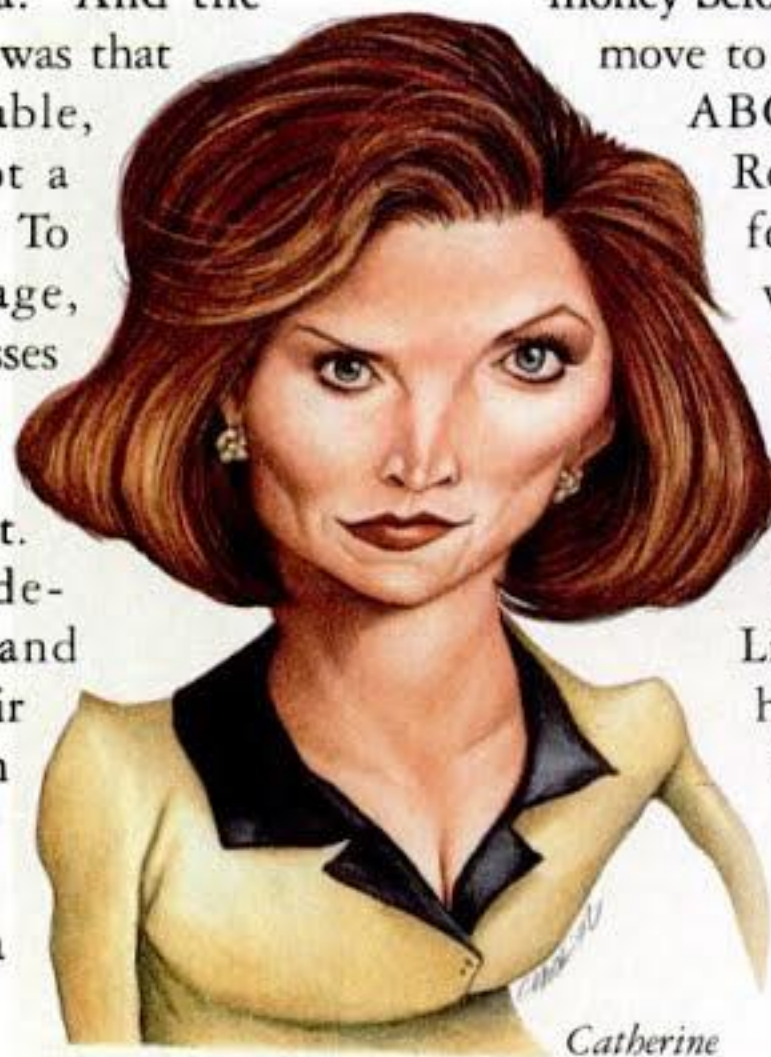
they invented TV news. They are proud that they are overworked and underpaid. Bernie Shaw, who's a real news snob and completely humorless, constantly carped about Crier's lack of credentials. Credentials? She was supposed to look good and read from a TelePrompTer."

ABC will be using Crier as an even cooler, less cuddly Diane Sawyer, from whom she will surely take airtime. She has also been telling people that there is a plan to phase out Sam Donaldson on *PrimeTime Live*. Crier's salary will roughly double, although she says she had been offered similar money before but didn't want to move to anywhere but ABC.

ABC News president Boone Arledge, known for his fascination with beautiful babes, is smacking his lips.

Trims and Ends: Nobody at NBC is happy—in Burbank, Warren Littlefield must figure he'll be working somewhere else by the end of the year; at News, vindictive, anti-collegial Mike Gartner ought to have the same presumption; and doofusy NBC president Robert Wright couldn't have been angrier just before

Christmas, screaming to underlings about the *New York Times* coverage of the foundering network....Over at CBS, our old friend Joe Peyronnin has also made a career move. He was promoted a few weeks ago to vice president of prime-time news. Pey-



Crier's problem at CNN wasn't her inexperience but her apparent uninterest in journalism

ronnin has been characteristically boastful to everyone about his new responsibilities (which consist of overseeing CBS's three newsmagazines and other news programming) and telling colleagues that he now has the best darned job in the news division. He says he has his hands in *everything* and compares himself to the head of a movie studio. He also says happily that he will remain CBS News president Eric Ober's deputy, and, as we have reported here before, Peyronnin has always been known at CBS as the VP in charge of keeping Ober's candy dish filled. Peyronnin may think he has just gotten a big boost, but here's what Ober himself says about the reasons for the nominal promotion: *Nobody listened to Peyronnin anymore.*

Our friends on the West Coast report the following classic tale of true love in Hollywood: Julie Brown is one of the stars of *The Edge*, a struggling Fox comedy that she assists in writing and producing. Brown had also been living with the show's recently departed producer, David Mirkin, who created the show with her. When Mirkin was on the way out, someone close to the situation says, Brown did nothing to help him, and in fact bad-mouthed him to others on the show. In interviews now, she gets all the credit for the show, and Mirkin is barely mentioned. The two finally broke up, but now that Mirkin has become executive producer of *The Simpsons*, Fox's franchise series, maybe romance will bloom again.... Another hep Fox comedy, *The Ben Stiller Show*, recently had a sketch that was supposed to be a parody of the typical edgy, profane Fox sitcom. In the sketch, a dirty sock named Skank runs around a house insulting the members of the family who live there. Fox was not put off by the satire—indeed, the network liked this deliberately stupid idea so much that it is spinning off the sock into its own sitcom.

—Laureen Hobbs



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Bryan Miller, *New York Times*—★ ★ ★

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Big Bucks: Ovitz Ups the Ante, and Katzenberg's Still Anti

Change is the season's byword, except so far it seems to have a lot more meaning out here than in Washington. The big quakes have subsided (the talent agents feel like talent for a couple of months; Brandon moves to New Orleans; Joe Roth moves to Disney; Barbra doesn't go to Aspen; Francis Coppola actually has a hit), but the widely predicted secondary quakes are still making people nervous. Will Mike Medavoy, the aging, rueful mensch who runs TriStar, finally be replaced? (Maybe not any time soon after all, although the aging, rueful mensch Ned Tanen is said to be a contender.)

Will the affably spineless Tom Pollock finally be removed from Universal? (Very probably so, say his peers.)

And the aftershocks continue. Post-Tartikoff, Stanley Jaffe's Paramount has become even more fractious. Days after employees were invited by new Paramount Pictures chief Sherry Lansing to the corporate Christmas-tree-lighting, a second, almost identical invitation went out—with Lansing and Kerry McCluggage, her ostensible coequal at Paramount TV, doing the inviting. At Fox, the tremors are partly due to Stanley's sister, Andrea, one of those deeply unloved Hollywood executrices (unloved because of three parts her own ghastliness and one part Hollywood sexism). She thought she had it made when she went to Fox a year ago as the studio's megaflick and a favorite of Diller's and Roth's. Now her patrons are gone, and though poor Peter Chernin's first order of business won't be to can her, she seems sure to leave. There's talk that Mike Ovitz will hire her to help run his Coca-Cola consultancy (formerly CAA). The fit makes sense, since a lot of her pre-Fox PR clients (Dustin, Oliver, et al.) are CAA's biggest clients. And the joint needs a female big shot for appearance' sake, now that Paula Wagner (a new full-time employee of Tom Cruise, for whom

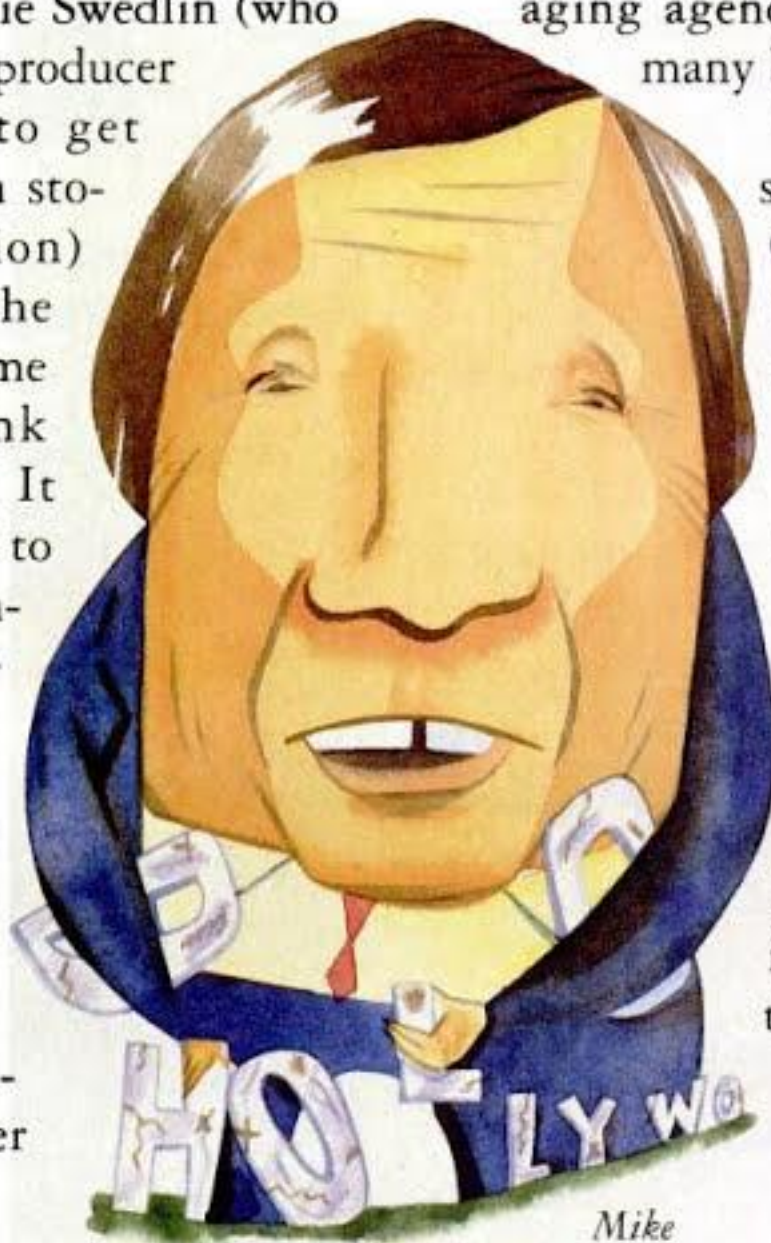
she apparently got Paramount to pay a million a year for a nonexclusive deal) and Rosalie Swedlin (who as an independent producer has been trying to get magazines to assign stories she can option) have slipped off the reservation. But some CAA people think Jaffe won't come. It would be expensive to buy out the remainder of her high-six-figures contract, and she is more overtly abrasive than CAA people tend to be.

Elsewhere at CAA, Ovitz's extremely civil former personal slave Jay Moloney, now a big-time agent in his own right (he does the day-to-day work on David Letterman's and Bill Murray's behalf, for example), has always been the object of resentment; the fact that he's just 28 and has been a force to reckon with for years is a frightening (to older agents) example of the ageism prevalent within the agency. Now that he has received a six-

figure 1992 bonus, pushing his compensation up to \$1 million, the ill will has entered a ferocious new phase—especially from Bryan Lourd, the father of Carrie Fisher's baby. Lourd, who with his intra-CAA partner Kevin Huvane represents Meryl Streep, has been complaining that his bonus is half Jay's even though Lourd recruited Brad Pitt after Triad, his old agency, folded. Acquiring Pitt was particularly important since CAA, like all aging agencies, does not have many big under-40 stars.

While Moloney scurries and fetches, Ovitz himself does the ninja-master negotiating on behalf of a client such as Letterman. (Not that nickels and dimes are beneath Ovitz's interest: Once when he was visiting the *Late Night* offices, he spent an astonishing amount of time crouching over a box, riffling through the freebie books and CDs the show had been sent.) CAA's work for Dave—persuading CBS to pay him \$14 million a year, more than any

network pays any other star—was remarkable. But when Ovitz was dangling Dave in front of Fox as well, didn't anyone consider it a conflict of interest? After all, wasn't Ovitz also responsible for making Chevy Chase's late-night talk-show deal at



Ovitz spent an astonishing amount of time riffling through a box of freebie books and CDs

Fox—and if Fox had gone for Dave as well, wouldn't that have queered Chevy's show? And whom will Mike root for once Dave and Chevy are going head-to-head? I'd say Dave: According to an executive who dickered with CAA, Ovitz wanted a big chunk of the show's gross revenues, which would be worth multimillions annually to CAA. "They don't want to be partners," said another network executive who failed to woo Dave. "They"—CAA and Letterman—"want to own the whole show."

It all makes me relish the idea of Mike's deciding now to renegotiate Dave's fruitless movie deal at Disney, where life is stressful despite *Aladdin*. Touchstone Pictures president David Hoberman (and, presumably, his bitter rival, Hollywood Pictures president Ricardo Mestres) is upset about Joe Roth's new deal at Disney, which owns both studios. Roth can greenlight a movie, whereas Hoberman and Mestres cannot, even after years of loyal, company-man service. If the enemy of one's enemy is one's friend, maybe Hoberman and Ricardo will now finally patch things up.

Their boss, the still deeply strange Jeffrey Katzenberg, has embarked, between boasts that *Beauty and the Beast* will bring in \$350-million, on a new candor jag: He has been calling Mark Canton "an asshole" and has been mulling over a sequel to his infamous memo, prompted by Warner Bros.'s paying Wesley Snipes (!) several million for *Passenger 57* and Disney itself having to pay Emilio Estevez (!!) north of \$4 million for *Stakeout II*. The funny thing is, as disingenuous as Sparky may be about bloated talent fees and parasitic middlemen ruining the movies, he happens to be right—and members of the (God forgive me) creative community are starting to realize it. Actors want to work, and suddenly some big names do not automatically turn down roles in interesting \$10 million movies. Despite Katz-

enberg and the conventional wisdom, however, it isn't just agents who prevent potentially good movies from being made: A big part of the problem is the stars' personal-production-company development executives. These days, this new breed of managers-cum-agents-cum-producers-cum-hangers-on regularly decide if a star even hears about a script. The studios have always regarded stars' production companies as indulgences, six-figure vanity operations. Now some stars agree. After one thirtysomething actor, a big but not huge name, discovered that his development executives had passed on the lead in a recent \$150 million box office hit, he sacked his people.

Trims and Ends: Gosh, the seventies revival is for real—Bob Evans is back at Paramount, and he wants to do a quasi-sequel to *Breakfast at Tiffany's*; anyone want to score a few grams?... Rahm Emanuel, who's running the Inauguration, is the brother of CAA agent turned Inter-Talent agent turned ICM agent Ariel Emanuel (and—trifecta!—both are brothers of Ezekiel Emanuel, who has written for the Clinton house organ, *The New Republic*).... Two years ago the ultimate Hollywood party was a bunch of second-rank actors and producers discussing what sidearm ammo they favor at the shooting range. The new ultimate Hollywood party still involves sexy participatory violence, but now it has a patina of feminism: At a recent soiree to which everyone had been told to bring their dogs (and did), Jennifer Grey brought and played, unbidden, a video of herself taking a star-studded self-defense course—a tape, more precisely, of her beating the daylights out of a pseudo-attacker hired for the class. Everyone watched transfixed, as if viewing homemade porn. I'll see you Monday night at Mortons—and if anybody gives me any guff at the door, I'll deck him.

—Celia Brady



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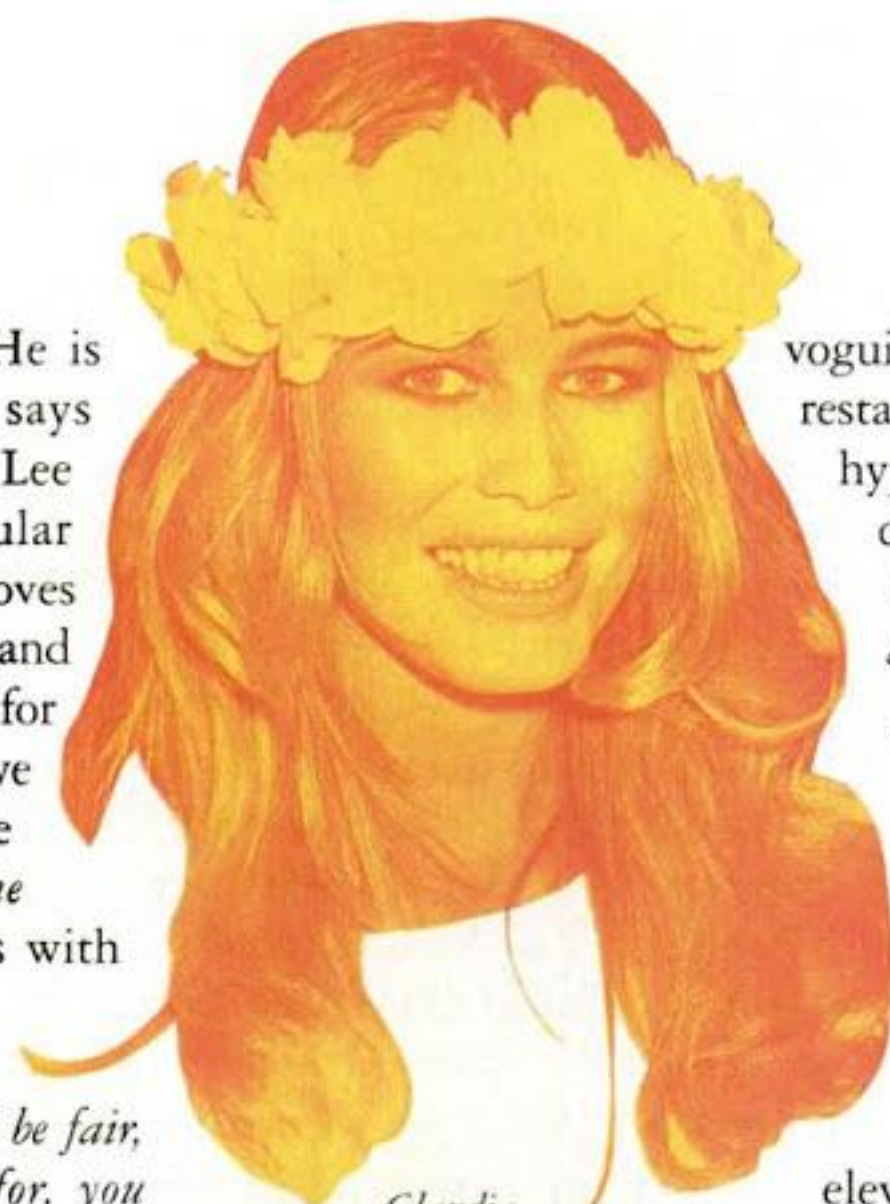
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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

The French love **Spike Lee**. "He is like the black **Woody Allen**," says **Laura Haim**, who interviewed Lee recently for *24 Heures*, a popular French TV show. And Spike loves the French. He allowed Haim and her crew to tag along with him for a whole day and gave an exclusive 30-minute interview, despite the fact that Haim is not *une française africaine*. In negotiations with *24 Heures*, assistants to Lee focused less on affirmative action and more on how *it would be fair, you know, to compensate Spike for, you know, his time*. Spike's payment was said to be a substantial sum of cash and a magnum of French champagne. A *24 Heures* producer said the show only "very, very rarely" pays guests, such as in cases of following a prostitute all day, or interviewing "an African chief." Unlike most prostitutes but like an African chief, Lee also called the shots: no questions until a set interview time, and no one on the cross-country plane he was taking, meaning the show had to supply two crews, one in L.A. and one to meet him in New York. His interviewer says Lee knows some French but didn't speak it with them. It's not the language he understands.



Claudia

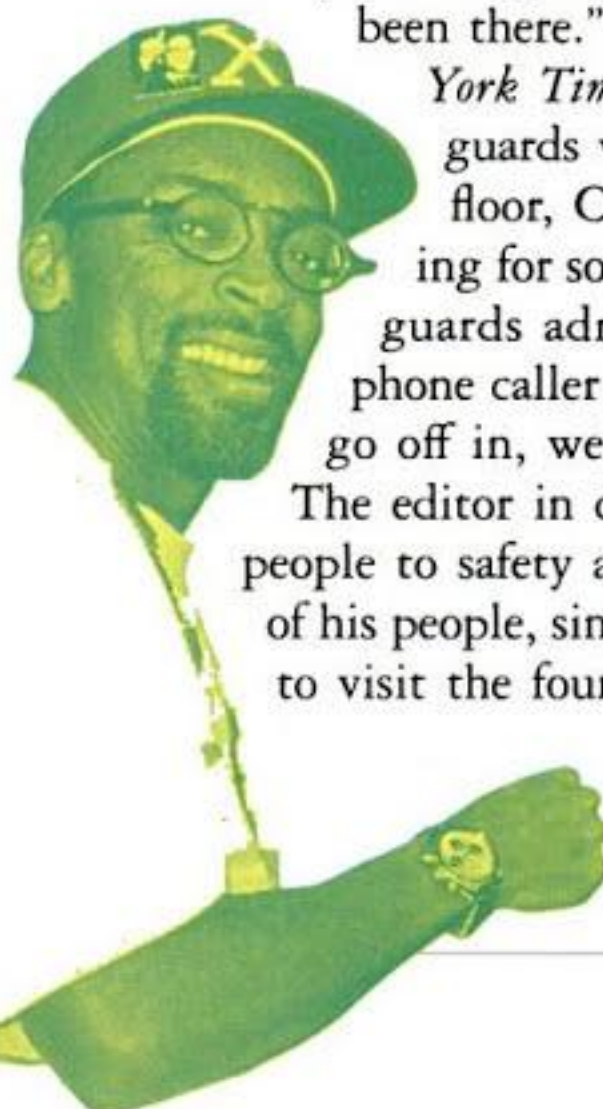
voguish architect, was leaving a Village restaurant, **Steven Holl**, the currently hyper-voguish young architect, decided to make Philip pay attention to him. "You're going to have a nightmare!," Holl shouted into Johnson's face. "A nightmare! A nightmare!" Johnson responded equally bewilderingly, murmuring, "He's my son." The very next day just a few blocks away, **Claudia Schiffer**, *Vanity Fair*'s Miss January, walked into the elevator of the office building of her longtime New York modeling agency and pushed the button for an unoccupied floor. When the button didn't light, she held it down—pointlessly, since the elevator wouldn't stop at the phantom floor. When asked by a fellow passenger where she wanted to go, the Aryan lalaloosa replied, "I don't know....I've never been there." Two days later at *The New York Times*, staff members noticed guards wandering around the third floor, Claudia Schiffer-ishly, looking for something. Upon request, the guards admitted that an anonymous phone caller had said a bomb was set to go off in, well, just about ten minutes. The editor in charge heroically led all his people to safety across the street—well, *most* of his people, since the guards had neglected to visit the fourth floor and tell the sports department about the supposed bomb. ☹



Philip

2

All at once, just before Christmas, life in New York took on a disconcerting theatrical quality, somewhere between Pinteresque and Ionesco-like. As **Philip Johnson**, the permanently hyper-



Spike



Dept. of Big Round Numbers The Good News Is, the Bad News Is the Same

Each week seems to bring another alarming AIDS statistic. Fortunately, not all the news is bad. Or, at least, worse.

October 1, 1985 An alarming report in *The New York Times* reveals that up to **"one million Americans...are believed to have been infected with the AIDS virus, and the total may be climbing by 1,000 to 2,000 per day."**

April 6, 1986 "Cases linked to intravenous drug use, once concentrated in two states, are rapidly spreading throughout the nation," the *Times* reports. An **"estimated one million people in the United States...are infected."**

August 27, 1989 The 100,000th case of AIDS is reported. "The immediate future will bring more news of infection and death," Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis Sullivan writes in the *Los Angeles Times*. **"More than one million Americans have already been infected."**

June 25, 1990 The spread of AIDS in the inner cities is said to resemble that of AIDS in Africa. "Regional surveys have turned up infection rates of 5 to 12 percent among pregnant women in the Bronx, 25 percent among young men

surveyed in Newark, N.J.," *Newsweek* notes. **"An estimated 1 million Americans are infected with the virus."**

June 28, 1992 Grim predictions from Dr. Harold Jaffe of the Centers for Disease Control—50,000 to 60,000 people will get AIDS during each of the next few years; 40,000 to 80,000 are being infected annually. Already **"the CDC estimates, very roughly, that one million Americans are infected,"** *The New York Times* reports.

At press time, a CDC spokesperson told SPY that the number of Americans infected with AIDS had reached a staggering 1 million. —Stephen Rae

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Indulging Our Child Within, Part I: Cuss Words

From a letter to Paul Dandridge, six-o'clock-news anchor at KABC-TV, in Los Angeles:

Dear Mr. Dandridge:

On your Friday news...your announcer referred to me as "Roseanne Barr" and the name shown on the screen was "Roseanne Barr-Arnold."

My name had been ROSE-ANNE ARNOLD for one year. If you are confused about what my name is,

look at the fucking #1 show that keeps this network together. The only show that keeps this network out of sixth place. Look at the name of the star of that show. It's Tuesday nights at nine o'clock. Then you'll know what my fucking name is. Get it right. Have some fucking respect....

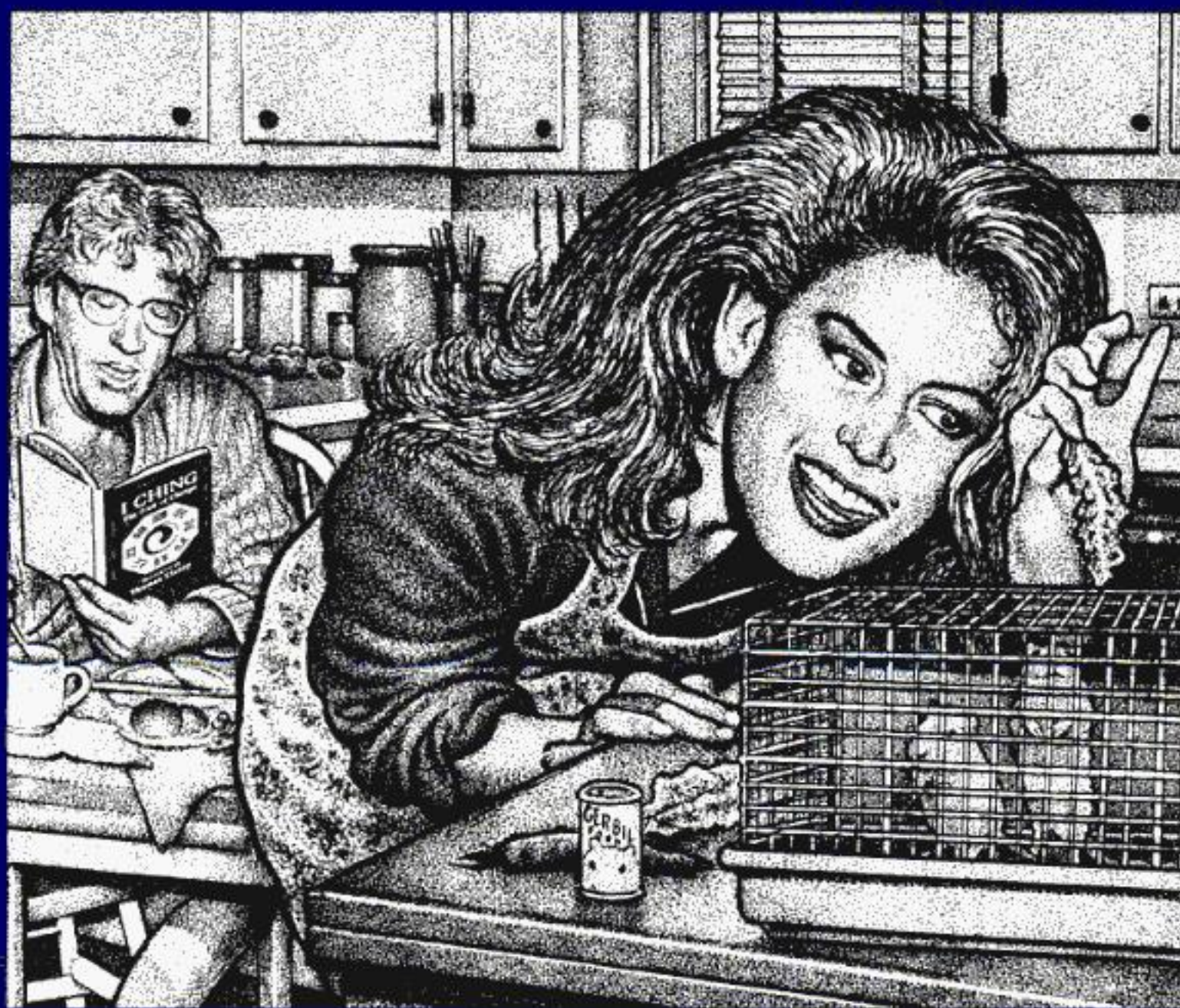
—Roseanne Arnold



Part II: Wee-wee Jokes

The idea of the golden shower is still considered sufficiently perverse that Madonna has ▶

Private Lives of Public Figures



At home with the Richard Geres.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

not yet announced plans for a Time Warner book or video. Still, sometimes they occur, as we noticed while idling away an afternoon in the stacks of a nearby medical library.

Three doctors wrote the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* not so long ago, "We recently saw a patient in congestive heart failure [who] was wetting his face every time he urinated...."

"An 87-year-old man was admitted to the hospital because of swelling of his legs and his urine hitting him in the face....Four days before admission, he noted...his penis had bent backward and was pointed toward his head....The patient was placed on a regimen of digoxin...and furosemide....With the addition of...captopril...a marked diuresis occurred....The penis then resumed its normal shape with a resultant prior direction of the urine flow."



Part III: Watchin' TV

Did you ever turn off your television in disgust and say, "Gad, who watches this stuff?" Thanks to the researchers at Young & Rubicam San Francisco, we have an answer: folks from northwestern Mississippi, specifically the area around Greenwood and Greenville. According to this study of Americans' media-consumption habits, the top ten TV-watchin'-est communities in the country are (1) Greenwood-Greenville (where the average person spends 4 hours and 39 minutes a day in

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If You Believe Jesus Fed Multitudes

With a Few Loaves and Fishes...

Last July, in honor of the Democratic National Convention, SPY produced a now-famous parody of *The New York Times* that included the Chronicle column below. A copy obviously reached the Archdiocese of New York; apparently they didn't get the joke.

A32 THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1992

Chronicle

■ All's fair at The New Yorker ■ Cardinal O'Connor serves breakfast ■ Arthur O. Sulzberger honored.

Vasily, slightly, all in reality. TINA BROWN, who left her position as editor of *Verily* Feb. two weeks ago to replace ROBERT DOTTLEBERRY as editor of *The New Yorker*, drove a party yesterday at the New Yorker offices. The driver was "strongly against the column," said Mr. Brown, played in for all it was worth.

Partners including MORT JANKLOW, DAVID SANDER, MORT ZUCKERMAN, ED VICTOR, JIM ROGUE and MARIE BRENNER looked on as Mr. Brown pronounced to what she said would now be called *The New Yorker*. "We have no intention of folding with the literary display of this night."

It was only a matter of time since POPE JOHN PAUL II got his 900 number. Now New York City's CARDINAL JOHN O'CONNOR is introducing Cardinal Crunch, a breakfast cereal. According to FATHER DAVID STOTT, the New York archdiocese's marketing director, Cardinal Crunch is a low-sugar, children's cereal made from non-consecrated Eucharists, or Holy Hosts.

Former Times publisher ARTHUR O. SULZBERGER Jr. was the president of the New York Archdiocese at a retreat on last night in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was presented to him by his son, ARTHUR O. SULZBERGER III, who is the current Times publisher and a member of the New York Archdiocese.

It was only a matter of time once POPE JOHN PAUL II got his 900 number. Now New York City's CARDINAL JOHN O'CONNOR is introducing Cardinal Crunch, a breakfast cereal. According to FATHER DAVID STOTT, the New York archdiocese's marketing director, Cardinal Crunch is a low-sugar children's cereal made from non-consecrated Eucharists, or Holy Hosts. "Church doctrine says the wafer cannot be used after it has been around for more than a year, so this seemed like as good a thing as any to do with the leftovers," said Father Stott. "Also, it stays crunchy in milk." Profits from Cardinal Crunch, which will be sold in church vestibules, will be donated to anti-abortion groups.

▲ From SPY's parody of
The New York Times

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK

Office of Communications

1011 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 (TEL.) 212-371-1000 (FAX) 212-319-8265 JOSEPH ZWILLING, DIRECTOR

August 7, 1992

Dear Ms. Dodson:

I understand that as Style Editor for the *New York Times*, the "Chronicle" column is part of your department. I was absolutely aghast today when I was shown the July 15, 1992 "Chronicle" column by Nadine Brozan, which alleges John Cardinal O'Connor is marketing a breakfast cereal made from unconsecrated hosts. Ms. Brozan quotes a fictitious priest, Father David Stott, to bolster her story. There is no Father Stott in the Archdiocese of New York, and there is no such position as the Archdiocese's marketing director. And, there is absolutely no plans of any sort to market breakfast cereals.

What makes this story all the more disturbing is Ms. Brozan's failure to check her story by contacting the Office of Communications. It would seem to me that she has violated a very basic, fundamental rule of journalism. This is further evidence that many in the media seem willing to believe any outlandish tale about the Catholic Church if it corresponds to their own prejudices.

I believe a full correction and apology are in order from the *New York Times* for this incident.

Sincerely,

Joseph Zwillling
Director of Communications

Ms. Angela Dodson
Style Editor
The New York Times
229 West 43 Street
New York, NY 10036

▲ The Archdiocese's response



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February Datebook

Enchanting and

Alarming Events Upcoming

front of the TV); (2) Shreveport, Louisiana–Texarkana, Texas (4 hours, 31 minutes); (3) a tie between Las Vegas and Beaumont–Port Arthur, Texas (4:29); (5) improbably, a four-way tie between Tampa–St. Petersburg; New Orleans; Jackson, Mississippi; and Ardmore–Ada, Oklahoma (4:23); (9) a three-way tie between West Palm Beach–Ft. Pierce–Vero Beach, Florida; Youngstown, Ohio; and Tyler–Longview–Jacksonville, Texas (4:20). Yikes: All but two of the top cities are in the Deep South (and one of those two is Vegas)! Jim Chick, station manager of Greenwood's ABC affiliate, attributes his community's dedication to TV to a lack of competition with "big-city thrills. It's not like Jackson, where they have the ballet." Among other cities in the survey, Philadelphia ranked 71st, with an average viewing time of 3:55; Chicago ranked 104th (3:46); and New York, Los Angeles, the San Francisco Bay area, Boston, Indianapolis, southeastern Nebraska and Bend, Oregon, tied for 151st (3:37). The people in Lafayette, Indiana, watch an average of 2 hours and 53 minutes of TV a day, qualifying them for last place. ☹

1 Garrett Morris turns 56. As with Paul McCartney and Wings, long-time fans have to explain to their children that Morris was on a TV show before *Martin*.

8 Tonight: He has been compared to everyone from Alfred E. Neuman to Prince Charles—but how much do we *really* know about him? On the evening of his 53rd birthday, we take a closer look

at Ted Koppel.

12–22 The sixth annual



Senior Olympics; Palm Springs. Thousands of largely steroid-free pensioners from around the country compete in events ranging from tennis to bowling. At press time, Reebok had

no plans to promote a rivalry between any of the athletes.

14 Valentine's Day. Cynics remind romantics that this is also the fourth anniversary of the Iranian

death proclamation against Salman Rushdie, and that the reward was recently increased because, *The New York Times* said, the first \$2 million "had been profitably invested."

20 "Opera! Opera!" A behind-the-scenes look at opera for young children; sponsored by New Hope, Pennsylvania, Children's Culture Center.

Next up: an introduction to television talk shows, titled, "Oprah! Oprah!"

22 Drew Barrymore turns 18 and can now legally appear nude. Magazine photo

editors begin speed-dialing.

24 Ash Wednesday. Throughout the day, Jews resist the urge to say, "You missed a spot."

27 Lincoln Center presents "The Music of Frank Zappa," performed by the Music Today Ensemble and Orchestra of Our Time. Meanwhile in Queens, the American Museum of the Moving Image launches a retrospective of the films of Al Pacino. Who said high culture was dead?

28 Twenty-five years ago



today, *The New York Times* dubbed Jimi Hendrix "the black Elvis." Look for a nostalgic blurb in the Styles section. ☹

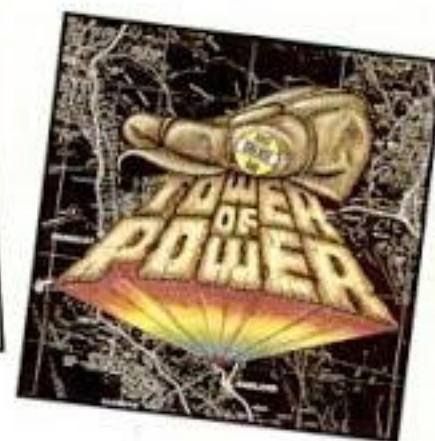
Quoth the Raving **A SPY Quiz**

One out of every five voting Americans liked Ross Perot's ideas enough to think he and Margot should be redecorating the White House right now. Could it be that the rest of us missed something he said? How many of the following do you recognize as no-nonsense Perotisms?

- A** "The U.S. government is like a 450-pound woman in a size-7 dress or Big-foot in a size-5 shoe."
- B** "Truth is, they all lie on TV and sell you a phony picture of what's going on.... Anyone who's truthful is called and looked at as crazy."
- C** "There is no way you can know the taste of water unless you drink it or unless it has rained on you or unless you jump in a river."
- D** "I have a documented case of one boy [traveling] 35 days across Texas with a chicken. Everyone wants to know why the boy came home? The chicken was worn out. A chicken can only take so much travel."
- E** "You have created the monster.... My faith in me is stronger than all your armies, governments, gas chambers or anything you want to do to me."
- F** All are no-nonsense Perotisms.

Answer: Only (D), the rambling-chicken story, is taken from a Perot speech, delivered in Washington in 1984 on the topic of Texas school reform. The rest of the comparatively cogent thoughts—(A), (B), (C) and (E)—are direct quotations from jailhouse correspondence or ramblings of Charles Manson, 1996! 1996!

—Ron Hauge



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will be **touched**

by a **wild God**

who is **not**

lacking **rhythm.**



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"May I Suggest Our Zinfandel, Mr. Dahmer?"

Haute Cuisine à la Mode Cannibal

In 1729, Jonathan Swift suggested that poor children in Ireland be sold as food. Swift, however, was unimaginative concerning recipes. "A young healthy child," he wrote, "well nursed, is, at a Year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome Food, whether Stewed, Roasted, Baked or Boiled." That might have been fine for the eighteenth century, but in today's culinary climate, Swift's modest proposal cries out for elaboration.

Sensing that the upper strata of the eating industry would be responsive to this need, we called a few well-known foodies. Our question: If human beings were on your menu, how would they be served?

"How about a little stir-fry with Pacific Rim vegetables?" said Kristine Kidd, the food editor of *Bon Appétit*. Pacific Rim, she told us, is "a phrase that's used a lot right now" among restaurateurs.

And so we first polled the *chefs de cuisine* of our sector of the Pacific Rim. David Slay, the kitchen artist at La Veranda in Beverly Hills, managed to combine at least three L.A. obsessions into one ghastly recipe: "I would take the breasts and slice them, and instead of putting silicone in the pocket I'd put goat cheese."

David Duralde, previously of

the City Restaurant (which the 1992 Zagat Los Angeles guide classifies as one of the town's "most inventive"), took a gentler tack, promising that at his restaurant human beings would be offered with a lentil salsa, or perhaps with Thai peanut sauce. "We put diced melons in it," he said, using the somewhat disconcerting present tense. "Watermelons,

cantaloupes, honeydews.

Whatever's in season and fresh."

"I have no ideas about wines," added Julia Shimizu, the City Restaurant's former assistant chef, "except that anything that sparkles is yummy."

The question of what to drink raised some problems. At Le Chardonnay on Melrose, chef Claude Alrivy took the occasion to complain about the proclivities of his moneyed clientele. Not only do they refuse to enjoy sauces made with butter and cream, he said, but, no matter what is on the menu, *they will order only California chardonnay*. Even if the main course were human flesh—the reddest of red meats—"80

percent of the people," said Alrivy, would order a white wine.

M. Alrivy's Gallic wistfulness made us think of Paris. Paris, after all, is the true center of haute cuisine. "I would cook the thigh *rôti nature, avec le vin rouge*," said Yves Rivoal, who runs the kitchen at the exquisite Closerie des Lilas there. The sauce, he promised, would be of foie gras, and "everything else the French like." Alongside the main course, Rivoal would serve amourettes, which the dictionary gives as "spinal marrow" but which M. Rivoal described as thyroid glands. For hors d'oeuvres, M. Rivoal offered to "cook until soft *la partie sensible*, in a vinaigrette, with asparagus."

La partie sensible?

Mais oui. Le sexe, M. Rivoal assured us, is 80 percent blood, and would make an excellent first course.

We finished our research at Tour d'Argent, the four-star establishment overlooking Notre-Dame. We spoke with the backup chef, who asked not to be named.

"I would cook the thigh," he said, echoing his colleague at La Closerie. But the man at Tour d'Argent rejects *rôti nature*. He would approach the

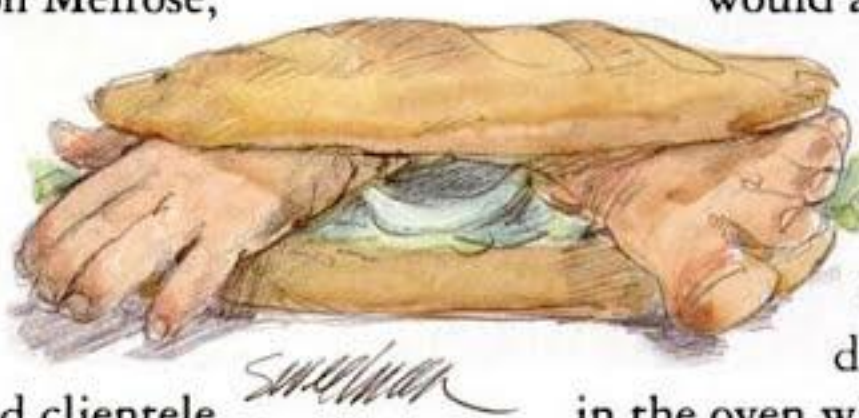
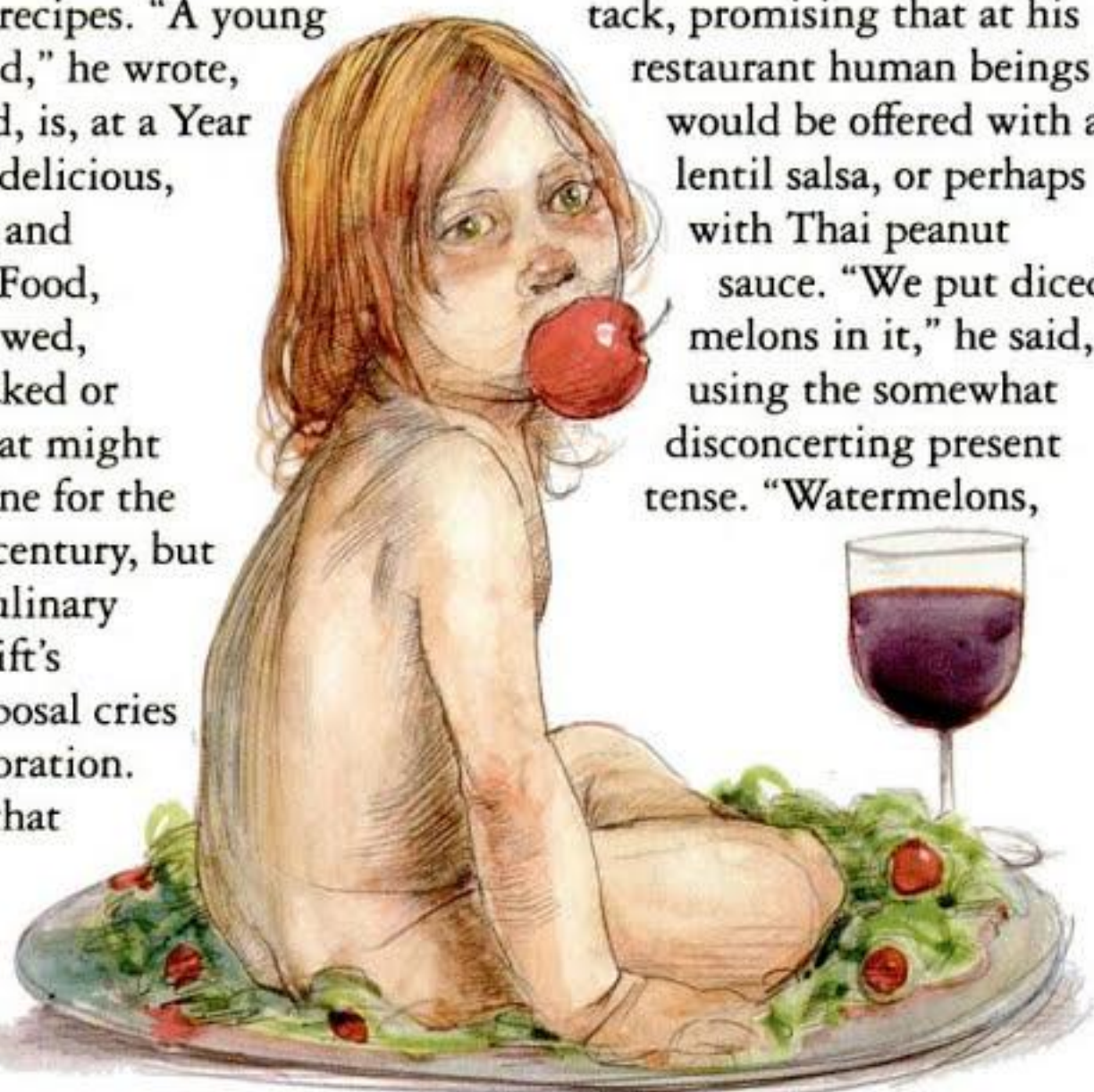
problem more classically.

Bourguignon, he said, would be

delightful—baked

in the oven with red wine and onions, marinated for 24 hours and served with a Côte du Rhône and fresh pasta. For dessert, he proposes a dish he calls *la tête humaine en gelée*—"Human Head in Aspic," or, as we prefer it, "Face Jell-O."

—Gary Wolf





The Going Rate For Sale: 357-Year-Old University

Last July a modest educational institution in New Jersey, Glassboro State College, received a \$100 million donation from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rowan. Almost immediately, Glassboro, theretofore known almost only as the site of a summit meeting between LBJ and Soviet premier Aleksey Kosygin in 1967, renamed itself Rowan College. Well, if it can happen at Glassboro, why not someplace else? If Ross Perot wanted to buy the most famous university in the country and rename it Animal Crackers U., what would it cost him? We asked some people at Harvard who might know. —*Gady Epstein and Joshua Shenk*

"It isn't for sale, obviously."

—RONALD DANIEL, UNIVERSITY TREASURER

"I don't think you would sell the name of the university....That is, I would not."

—NEIL RUDENSTINE, UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

"How much would it cost to change the name of Boston? Would the combined worth of Japan and Germany make us change the word America?"

—JEREMY KNOWLES, DEAN OF
THE FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

"I'd say that it's priceless, but then somebody might come up with an offer that would make me stop and think....It's a big number....I think you'll know it when you hear it."

—FRED JEWETT, DEAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE

"Well, the endowment is \$5 billion...and then there's the [value of the] brand name. That's about a trillion dollars."

—ARCHIE C. EPPS III, DEAN OF STUDENTS

"For \$100 billion, I guarantee you they would name it anything that the person wanted."

—DOUGLAS ELMENDORF, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS

It's a Wonderful Town!



The Flying Españas, trapeze artists, backstage at Madison Square Garden before their act.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

What Color Is Your Cock Pose? A SPY Guide to Seemingly Dirty Words

Professional terminology exists partly to offer those who work (or hobby) in a field a priestly sense of importance. And if a mechanic were charging you hundreds of dollars, wouldn't you rather hear "Your catalytic-converter shielding is corroded" than "Your car is broken"? Often professional jargon is banal and technical-sounding—but not always. DAVID GRAMBS has combed the professional literature and culled out the most suggestive. Can you guess what fields apply to which unwittingly salacious terms?

1. crazing, frigger, Kelly ball test, dirty finish, jiggering, junior cones, overflush, slop peck, suck-and-blow process, Manson effect, cuckhold, cupping

2. sextolet, bazoo, schiettemente, dynamic curve, Fingerfertigkeit, f-hole, flutter tonguing, con fuoco, inverted mordent, G string

3. leg glance, buttery, cock up, goose match, hooker, jerker, in-swing, rubber, spanker

4. cock pose, great penetrator, womb seal, shit process, bull posture, fetus pose, gas ejector

5. bustamite, Knoop hardness, penetration twins, coal balls, dike rocks, lingula, dickite, pinacoidal cleavage

6. breast drill, bastard pointing, diaphragm pump, straddle facing, forepump, dumb snatch, hand, hole director, internal vibrator, sagging moment, boning rod, treated pile, bleeding, stud finder, gypsyhead

7. penetration aid, buck and ball, cross servicing, degradation, full cock, liaison, tampion, Maggie's drawers, joint servicing, touch-hole, peep sight, cast-trametation, undress parade

8. pallet cock, pull-out piece screw, depthing tool, verge, impulse pin, date wheel, stud, positional timing, banking screw, vibrating tool, cracked hole jewel, meantime screw, universal head

9. hairy ark, Julia's cone, white-spotted engine, silky whelk, McGinty's flamingo, tongue, virgin nerite, purple Venus, prickly cockle, rosy keyhole limpet, bent mussel

10. anal triad, sex-limited

character, Skaggs Robinson paradox, coaxing hypnosis, F factor, gyros fornicatus, alimentary orgasm, consensual eye reflex, anaclitic, crude

score

11. bone screw, intramucosal inserts, strut, contour lines of Owen, herpes labialis, lip-apart posture, mamelons, drilling leg, gingival crevice

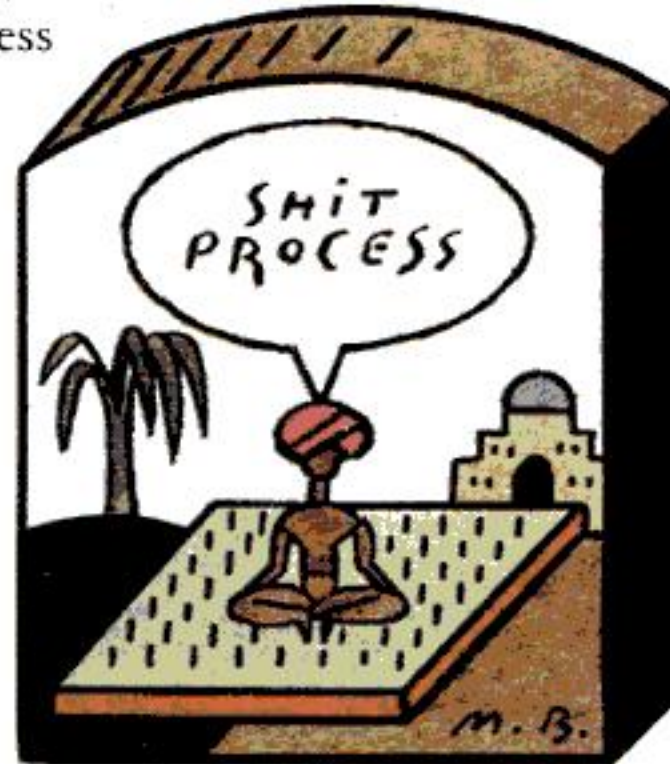
12. brown-lined labido, African scat, Duncker's barb,

black-chinned mouth-breeder, Geisha-girl medaka, merry widow, sucking loach, oral gestation

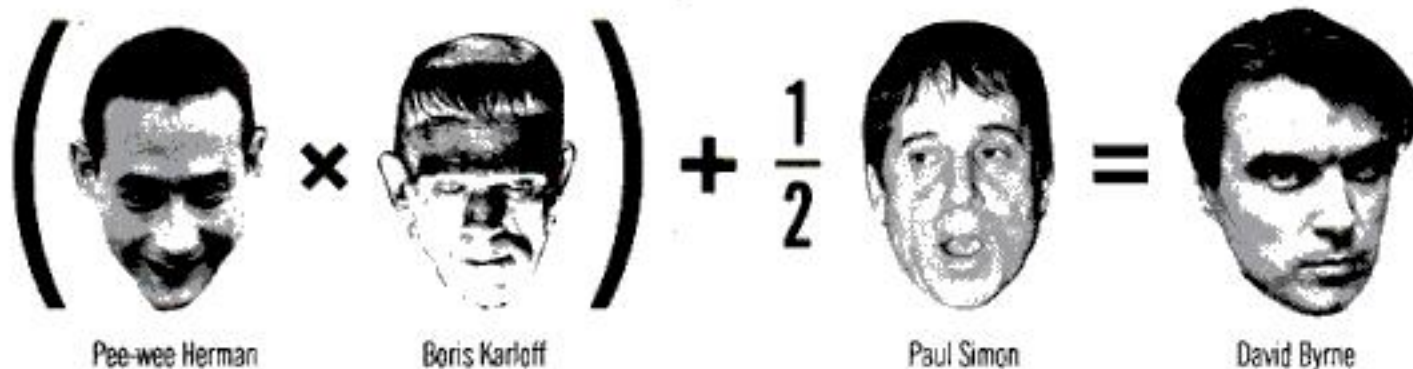
13. melting rate, buttering, joint penetration, lap, peening, throat depth, backing pass

14. barn-door wipe, belly board, china girl, cradle head, dry box, swinger, limpet mount, tongue, banana plug, diaphragm presetting, hooking, creepie-peepie, abrasion marks, twang box

15. scoring groove, pickup, cutout cock, flush handle, crabs, F-coupler, coupler butt, Ajaz Diaphragm, humping speed, 88 protection



Celebrity Math Chapter I



Janis Joplin + Jesse Helms = Axl Rose

Arnold Schwarzenegger - Henry Kissinger = Sylvester Stallone

Arnold Schwarzenegger - Henry Kissinger - Sylvester Stallone = Frank Stallone

(Rupert Murdoch x Eddie Haskell) - William Randolph Hearst = Robin Leach

Jack Nicholson = Bruce Willis
Benji

—Mark O'Donnell

Answers: 1. ceramics, pottery and glassware 2. music 3. cricket 4. yoga 5. mineralogy 6. civil engineering and construction 7. military history and arms 8. hortology (clocks and watches) 9. conchology (seashells) 10. psychology 11. dentistry 12. tropical fish 13. weld- ing 14. cinematography and television 15. railroads

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ME FEEL
BETTER.

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Ask Camille Paglia **Advice for the Lovelorn, Among Others**

When SPY asked me to write an advice column, I was since I grew up reading tart-tongued Ann Landers and the answers for satiric advice columns in my however, are authentic, though sometimes

delighted. I've loved this snappy American genre in the fifties—I even made up both the questions high school newspaper. The following letters, condensed.

—Camille Paglia

Dear Camille: I've been with a woman for ten years. Should I propose marriage? My concerns are (1) her loathsome, self-pitying complaints and (2) my suspicion that I could not remain faithful. **Despondent in Oregon**

Dear Despondent: The crystal ball shows a tacky picture of a nag and a philanderer hurling crockery around the kitchen. Misery has enough company already. In fact, they're parking on my lawn.

Dear Camille: What can I do with this PoMo relationship of mine? My boyfriend is a stand-up comic constantly touring the country. I'll be in grad school for the next four years. Can long-distance relationships work? **Down-at-the-Mouth Dan in Northern California**

Dear Dan: I foresee many a moon of quick-fix, laugh-a-minute phone sex. Every relationship is a triumph of imagination. Yours will be tested to the credit limit.

Dear Camille: I'm an overeducated, underemployed, bored and bisexual, fit and femme woman of the twentynothing generation. I fall for scrumptious young men "raised

right" by their mothers. They're intrigued, then intimidated by my ferocity in bed. I'm in love with a sensitive, affectionate boy who is scared to death of me. Should I forget my affinity for boys and find myself a feisty female?

Too Sexy for the Boy in Baton Rouge
Dear Too Sexy: This is a classic case of the Diana and Endymion myth: a maternal Amazon goddess smacking her lips over androgynous boy-flesh. I'd say keep him as a side dish and supplement the menu with more robust confections. As for feisty females, I hope you have better luck than I do!

Dear Camille: I've been severely disappointed in my lady friends, who come across as intelligent women with common sense but end up

making bad choices when it comes to men. **Jolted Joe from Brooklyn**

Dear Joe: You are puzzled by the irrational perversity of sexual attraction. Dionysus is a maelstrom. Love will never be tidy or safe. Jump in the boat and row for your life.

Dear Camille: My fiancée and I revere you as a goddess. I once had an unhealthy, mutually manipulative relationship. Two weeks after we stopped speaking, she came into my dorm room to talk. We started to fool around. She seemed to be enjoying it, though when I asked if she wanted to have sex, she said, "I don't care." I went ahead and had sex with her. She later publicly denounced me as a rapist. But she never resisted or even told me to stop. Was it rape?

Confused in Kansas City
Dear Confused: No, it's not rape. It's a scene from an Antonioni movie, all Weltschmerz and ennui. Feminist dogma keeps people from recognizing good old-fashioned decadence. Go for it!

Actual responses from Camille Paglia can be obtained by writing actual letters about actual problems to Ask Camille Paglia, SPY, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become property of SPY. ☺



Photograph by Lorinda Sullivan

Separated at Birth?



Tim Robbins...



and Doogie Howser?



Ray Liotta...



and Alain Delon?



Bob Costas...



and Katie Couric?

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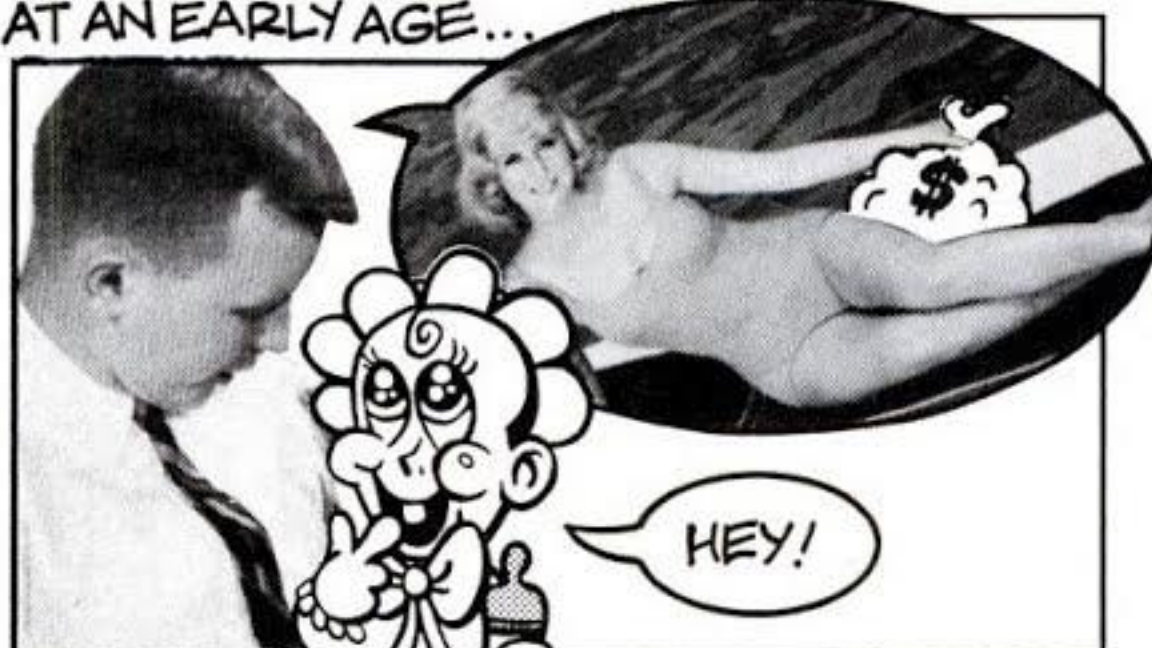
LET'S SEE...
"YOU'VE TRIED
THE REST, NOW
TRY US"...
NO, NO.
"YOU'VE TRIED
THE OTHERS, NOW
TRY THE BEST..."
NO, NO. THAT'S
NOT IT. HMM,
LET'S SEE
"YOU'VE TRIED THE
BEST"... NO, NO

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



**THE ONE
WITH BITE.**

ZEUS THE AD MAN TOLD HIS ONLY SON
JOBO THE FACTS OF BEING AN AD MAN
AT AN EARLY AGE...



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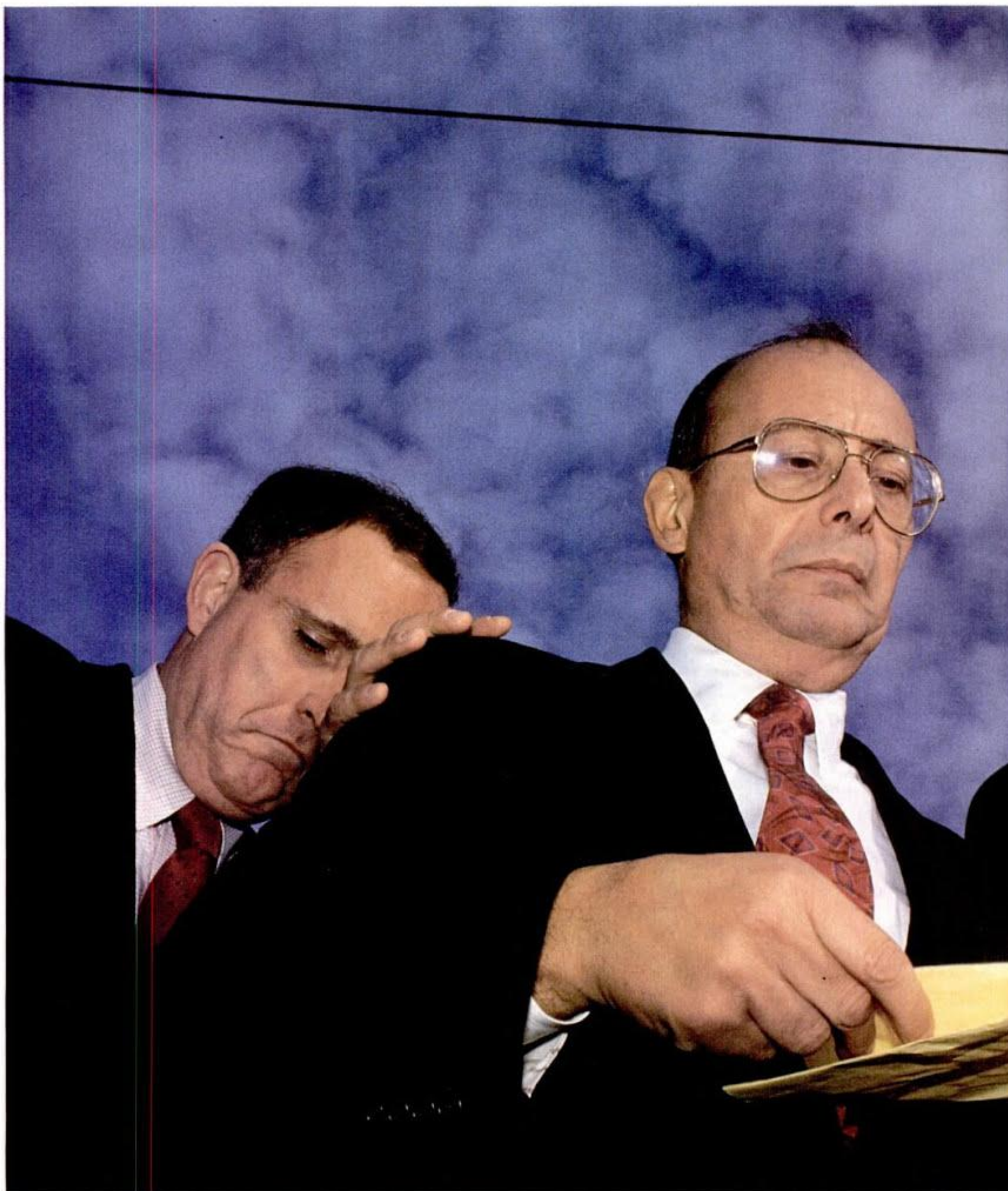
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BIG PICTURES

This Month: *Piggish politicians, those darn cats and Hitchcock's shower scene. Plus: why Queen Elizabeth wears gloves.* **February 1993**



That's amore: New York mayoral candidate Rudy Giuliani rests his head on Senator Al D'Amato's shoulder.

SPY SIG PICTURES



Left, in Little Rock, Socks Clinton shows interest in speeches by master and master's new best friend. Right, in Beirut, an unfamous cat shows interest in fleeing from oncoming tank.





Muhammad Ali poses for an uncharacteristically frisky Malcolm X in Miami, 1964.







*Left, Richard Nixon before
swine, Moscow, 1992;
right, cleaning the waxwork
head of Alfred Hitchcock
at Madame Tussaud's.*



SPORT OF KINGS

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Prince William with a
more dignified cousin.
Bottom: Princes Rainier
and Albert of Monaco.

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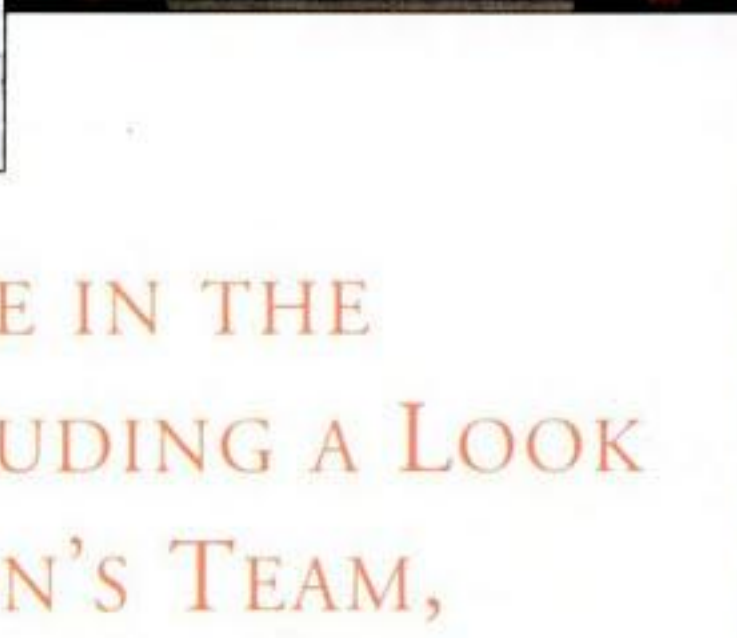


UNION SQUARE OPTICAL



OUR GUIDE TO LIFE IN THE
NEW WASHINGTON—INCLUDING A LOOK
DEEP INSIDE CLINTON'S TEAM,
THREE SPY PRANKS ON CONGRESSPEOPLE,
AND ACTUAL BUSH NOSTALGIA

DO YOU HATE BILL CLINTON YET?



INSIDE THE CLINTON BUBBLE



*Exclusive TRUE TALES
of CAMELOT:
The NEXT GENERATION*

ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 19, Bill Clinton will, as usual, have stayed up later than Hillary or Al Gore or any of his aides. As he sits alone in his suite at the Hay-Adams, after the big show that multimillionaires Harry Thomason and Quincy Jones have put on for him at the Capital Center, he will have a lot on his mind. The next day will be the biggest of his life, and Clinton will probably feel profoundly humbled by the tremendous responsibility he will assume; he will probably feel profoundly grateful to the people of this nation for conferring this honor upon him; and he will probably feel profoundly hungry. Too bad there won't be any of those huge bags of popcorn Tipper Gore always had on hand during the campaign. There won't be any of those ginger snaps that Tipper would eat on the bus, either. Tipper went through a big phase with ginger snaps; her advance people had to make sure she had a giant canister of them even for a stop she was going to be at for only two hours.

But that won't be the real issue as the president-elect muses about his inauguration. The real issue will be becoming the leader of a great but troubled nation at 11:30 in the morning. The real issue will be putting people first, growing

this economy, change. Nevertheless, Clinton will have to be concerned about whether somebody will get him a caffeine-free Diet Coke pretty much first thing at the reception following the prayer service. More than one will probably be necessary, since he chain-drinks them. So he will want to do something about that. He will also want to make sure Al Gore is taken care of. Gore drinks Diet Coke *with* caffeine and is so addicted to it, aides say, they have to keep him from drinking too much. They parcel it out to him carefully, making sure he doesn't know they are monitoring his intake. (Gore wasn't the only one whom aides had to deceive where beverages were concerned—Clinton became furious one day when he was given Evian water instead of American water, so the staff would take the label off bottles of Evian and give it to him anyway.) Perhaps all this will give the president-to-be a pleasant notion: His drinking caffeine-free Diet Coke and Al's drinking regular Diet Coke is just another way they complement each other.



As he looks ahead to the great events of the following day, Clinton will imagine himself taking the oath; Hillary will hold the Bible, and he'll be looking at Rehnquist, with his weird teeth (is that some side effect of painkiller addiction?). Of course, Tipper will be holding the Bible for Gore, and maybe Clinton will imagine a gleam in her eye and remember that during the campaign she simply would not leave her husband alone; they had to be separated, because Gore found her behavior so intrusive. He would try to read a briefing book in the limousine, but Tipper would paw and nuzzle him. Of course, Tipper is not the goody-goody she sometimes appears to be. She is a serious Grateful Dead fan, and traded bootleg tapes with someone on the campaign.

Tipper may be less straight than you'd think, but James Carville and Paul Begala, Clinton's self-consciously wired, intense, un-Lloyd-Bentsenish political operatives, are a lot less unconventional than they seem. When Ted Koppel of ABC was flying with the Clinton campaign the day before the election, he asked Begala what Carville planned to do after Tuesday. "James won't open his mouth unless it's for money," Begala said. Koppel said in return, "Well, if he needs a lecture agent, I've got a really good, really tough agent." Yes, this is what was really on the minds of the big-time journalists and strategists on November 2—agents and \$15,000 speaking fees.

When Clinton himself decides to cash in and write his nine volumes of memoirs (with Sidney Blumenthal's help), he will need Betsey Wright, who was the campaign's research director, to cover the Arkansas years, and

thinking about her in the middle of the night should send a chill down Clinton's spine. She was necessary to the campaign because she had been Clinton's chief of staff in Little Rock and had a long memory of everything he'd ever said or done. But Clinton may recall with a wince that Wright seemed to her senior campaign colleagues as if she was going to have some kind of breakdown during the Republican convention. She was "out of control," people on the campaign say, and cried all the time. As one put it, "There were layers of scary emotional disturbances with Betsey."

The Betsey Wrights of the world are not the ones to worry about, however; the woman close to Clinton who is scary *and* smart is Susan Thomases, who was his campaign scheduler. She was very effective in that job, one that sounds easy but is extremely difficult: Some state pol will want the candidate one place and the political people will want him in another, and it's the scheduler's job to say no to one of them. The night before he becomes president, Clinton will be grateful to her—she helped him win New Jersey by sending him back there again and again. Nevertheless, her grip on the truth is imperfect. She claimed, for example, that she was in favor of the first bus trip Clinton and Gore took after the convention. In fact, the bus trip was campaign manager David Wilhelm's inspired idea, and Thomases had argued against it. "There were endless Susan tales," one member of the campaign says. "If the campaign had been a small town, she would have been the talk of the town." Because of her closeness with the Clintons, though, she struck terror in others. Although it has been reported that communications director George Stephanopoulos leaned


on the Clintons to exclude campaign chairman Mickey Kantor from the transition team, it's believed by top campaign aides that it was really Thomases who went to the Clintons and skewered Kantor. Aides tended to keep their guard up around her to prevent the same thing from happening to them. The Clintons are not fooled by Thomases's machinations, however; they respect her for her talents but also see through her.

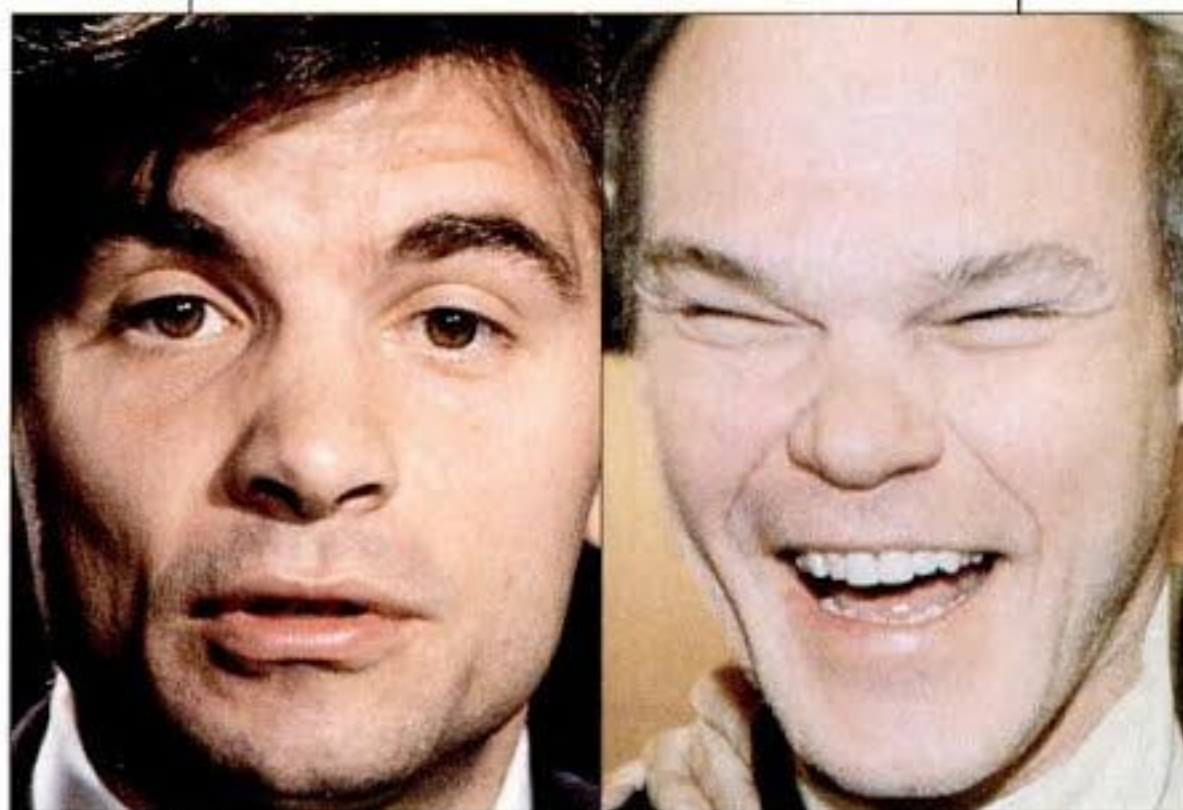
Whoever was responsible, Kantor was forced out deservedly—he collapsed during the Gennifer Flowers onslaught and simply choked. So Kantor will be gone, but on

Toying with him on this account was probably the campaign's most popular hobby (aside from the Clinton advance teams' relentless, city-by-city game called Bag a Local, a contest revolving around non-family-value-oriented sex). Stephanopoulos worked very hard on the speech Clinton gave at Notre Dame in September. It went well, and the campaign was particularly pleased that Hillary was well received by the Papists. Stephanopoulos, though, was not allowed to enjoy his triumph, at least at first. Bruce Lindsey, Clinton's closest aide and constant companion, appears to be very gray and busi-

nesslike; he took Paul Begala aside and told him to call Stephanopoulos back in Little Rock and tell him that after the speech, Clinton was shaking hands and there was a neo-Nazi kid who held up a rubber chicken and started taunting Clinton. Lindsey told Begala to tell Stephanopoulos that Clinton grabbed the chicken, threw it back at the kid and stuck

his fingers in the kid's eyes, and that the cameras caught the whole thing. Stephanopoulos screamed and groaned when he heard this. After Begala told Stephanopoulos it was all a joke, Lindsey called him and said very earnestly, "How could Begala *do* that to you, George? What with you being under so much pressure?" These are the teensy guys with whom Clinton will be running the country.

Running the country. On the night of January 19, the campaign will be over; the transition will be over; the real work will be about to begin. Perhaps Clinton will remember a saying of James Carville's: "The point of a campaign is to fuck your enemies. The point of a transition is to fuck your friends." What then, Clinton may be asking himself, is the point of an administration? 



George Stephanopoulos, left, and James Carville

Inauguration Eve, Clinton will look forward to working with his very little campaign comrades Bruce Lindsey, Stephanopoulos and Robert Reich. During the last two months of the transition Stephanopoulos was the only person—the *only one*—who could relax, since he was the only one sure of having a job in the administration; for others the tension was incredibly high. This was particularly true because Clinton himself was involved in so many of the decisions—no one could blame their being passed over on some enemy who rejected them.

It may be just as well that Stephanopoulos—or Georgie, as he is universally known—had a break from the anxiety for which he was so famous during the campaign.

"HOW DO I GET AN ELEVATOR PASS?"



*The QUESTIONS
Most Frequently ASKED
by FRESHMAN
CONGRESSPERSONS,
Answered FACTUALLY*

Where do I park?
Anywhere you want to! No, but seriously, every member of the House receives a free personal parking space in the Capitol Hill garage—a \$2,400-a-year value—as well as four spaces for staff members. Senators get *two* personal spaces. A while back, one senator proposed that congresspersons actually pay for their own parking, but in a heartening display of bipartisanship, the measure was defeated 65–28.

You can also park free for as long as you want at area airports—a real bonus for those frequent fact-gathering trips abroad and vote-gathering visits home. Also, upon request, the city will issue you a congressional license tag allowing you unrestricted parking anywhere in Washington as long as you're on "official business."

Where's the best place to eat?

Depends on who's picking up the check! If you're paying, the House Restaurant (through the main House doors, walk to the center corridor, take a right, go a few doors down on the left) and the Senators' Private Dining Room (through the Senate entrance, take a left at the first major corridor, it's on the left just past the stairs) both serve excellent food at prices about a third less than any comparable area restaurant. If you're eating on

someone else's expense account, the Jockey Club is *very* nice. (Pamela Hariman says, "It always reminds me of '21,' the first restaurant I went to in New York.") You'll want to have a good view of table No. 2, where George Will is usually seated. If you're afraid of ghosts, avoid table No. 5, which is haunted by the late socialite Steve Martindale; and if you're afraid of cooties, avoid table No. 16, which is frequented by Pat Buchanan and Art Buchwald.

When do I have to be at work?

Whenever you want! No, but seriously, pretty much whenever you want. For your convenience, congressional leaders rarely schedule major business on Mondays or Fridays. And if, for some reason, you cannot be present for an important vote on a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, simply ask the clerk to "pair" you off with a voting buddy who would have voted against you that day. Your buddy will agree not to vote as a professional courtesy, and your position will be published in the *Congressional Record*, almost as if you had actually voted.

Will my pay be docked for days I don't show up?

We've come a long way since the first Congress of 1789, when members were only paid for days they worked. Oddly enough, there is still an 1856 law on the books that requires members to be docked for unexcused absences, but the law has been ignored for nearly 80 years (except when the Senate tried to repeal it in 1975).

How often do I get paid?

Once a month.

What about office supplies?

All members of Congress are provided with a two- or three-room office suite in a federal building in Washington, fully furnished, free of charge. (Leather couches and lounge chairs are available upon request.) You have also been given a generous expense allowance (more than \$175,000, on average). Legitimate expenses include anything from having pictures of yourself printed up to tinting the windows in your district office to buying a 36-foot Foretravel RV to serve as a mobile office in your home state. Unfortunately, due to the recent reformatory zeal, tuxedo rentals and the purchase of greeting cards and chocolates are no longer reimbursable. But the U.S. Botanic Garden will lend you up to six potted plants a year!

I've also heard something about free mail service. How does that work?

It's called franking, and yes, it's free, to you at least. However, when sending out newsletters, you shouldn't mention yourself more than eight times on a page (including "I," "me" and "the congressman"), or in type more than a quarter of an inch high. You can put two pictures of yourself on a



page, as long as "other clearly visible persons appear with the member." These were supposed to be House rules when they were proposed in 1983, but after your colleagues complained, they were changed to guidelines.

Will my job require much travel?

You bet! In the House, you are budgeted for 32 visits to your district every year (though if you don't make it back that often, you can spend the money on something else); in the Senate, there is no limit on trips home. In addition, should official congressional business take you to Palm Springs,

New Orleans or Aspen, your expenses will be paid according to a comprehensive formula (congressional easy riders: Motorcycle travel is reimbursed at 25 cents per mile).

What are my day-to-day duties?

In no particular order, representing your constituents, defending the Constitution and making the laws of the land.

That seems like a lot of work.

It is. That's why every House member is given more than half a million dollars a year to hire staff (senators get even more, in excess of \$2 million in some cases). Keep

in mind that your predecessors have been thoughtful enough to exempt you from a wide variety of civil-rights, labor and occupational-safety legislation, so you need not be overburdened by these laws when hiring.

Is there anything else I should know?

There's an old political adage that you should try to avoid being found in bed with a dead woman or a live boy. This advice still applies, except in Massachusetts. ☾

All answers are based on real congressional rules, researched by Laura Belgray. Class of 103 biographical listings were compiled from public sources by Debby Rovine.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF 103

Meet the Newcomers—and There's SIX SCORE MORE Where These Came From!



SEN. DUNCAN MCLAUGHLIN FAIRCLOTH (R-N.C.)

"I've never had a job per se that required my day-to-day direction."—1979

"Lauch"...Self-made hog, concrete tycoon...65...37 traffic violations in 32 years... "I have never used state government for any personal gain in any way"...Works long three-day weeks...1986: "The Republicans have turned their backs on you. A leopard

can't change its spots"...Changed his own spots in 1991...Defeated former ally Terry Sanford by mocking his heart surgery

Prochoice '84, flip-flop '91



REP. ALCEE HASTINGS (D-FLA.)

"It feels good to be an unimpeached federal judge."—after his 1989 impeachment was thrown out on a technicality in 1992

56...Souvenir T-shirt worn at 1983 bribery trial: NOT GUILTY, SO SAY WE ALL...House voted 413-3 to impeach him anyway...Senate then voted 69-26 to remove him from the bench..."This would

not be happening to me if I were white"...Daughter Chelsea, age 14..."I'm putting one phase of my career behind me"

Appointed '79, indicted '81, acquitted '83, impeached '89, elected '92



REP. BLANCHE MEYERS LAMBERT (D-ARK.)

"You get more flies with honey."

"Blanche"...32..."People ask me, 'You're not married and you're 31?'"...Favorite movie: *When Harry Met Sally*...Does not necessarily consider herself a feminist..."Feminist" has taken on a somewhat negative connotation"...In the shower she sings *My Fair Lady*...One

word to sum her up: "Positive"

Chi Omega sorority '80, Sigma Chi Little Sister '80, Campus Crusade for Christ '80, Washington lobbyist '90



SEN. RUSSELL D. FEINGOLD (D-WIS.)

"I thought politics was something you could go into where you didn't have to be rich."

"Feingold the Bold"...39...Could you go over that 82-point plan to cut the deficit again?... "Elvis endorses Feingold"... "There's no need to fear—Underdog is here!"...Behind his back they said he "supported putting mass murderers like

Jeffrey Dahmer back on the street"...Famous last words: "I will accept no pay raise during my six-year term in office"

Rhodes scholar '77, Harvard Law '79, Elvis endorsement '92



SEN. DIRK KEMPTHORNE (R-IDAHO)

"It's real easy to charge that I don't take a stand, but that's baloney."

"Golden Boy"...41..."Idahoans didn't mind that I didn't have federal experience"... "Kempthorne the Careful"...Of two minds on: foreign aid, nuclear-bomb production and salmon..."I've known Dirk for 15 years. He's a sweet, wonderful guy, but I don't have a clue where he stands on anything"...Attacked opponent, ultraconservative Richard Stallings, for being a liberal

University of Idaho student-body president '74-75, mayor of Boise '86-92



REP. RONALD KLINK (D-PA.)

"I see problems that are big, and when you see those things as a reporter, all you do on TV is a one-minute-30 package. That's not enough for me anymore."

"Ron"...40...KDKA weekend anchor... Vote: 79 percent...Last election: Lost race for senior class president of Meyersdale Area High School by two votes..."I've been fortunate enough to have a lot of lifetime experiences in a relatively short life"

Anchorman '80s, congressman '90s

PARLIAMENT OF SUCKERS



*The SPY PRANK SQUAD
Says "WELCOME"
to CONGRESS'S
FRESHMAN CLASS*

WE ALL REMEMBER BEING freshmen. The strangeness, the fish-out-of-water alarm, the terror that some big kid might humiliate us—why, it's all just part of the fun of growing up! But while the new members of Congress might feel a bit overwhelmed, it seems unlikely that any veteran congressman—even Newt Gingrich, who seems as sadistic as any high school sophomore—will play pranks on the newcomers. Which leaves it up to us.

PRANK ONE:

Pretending to be a niche mail-order company, we invited the freshmen to buy some items from our catalog (*next page*).

Three obliged. Howard "Buck" McKeon (R-Calif.) wanted to buy item No. 005H, the desk set. Bob Franks (R-N.J.) ordered some coffee mugs, just enough to qualify for the fabulous 10 percent discount we'd offered; later he canceled his order. Peter Deutsch (D-Fla.) bought several items: No. 101H, the House of Representatives baseball cap; No. 104, the congressional golf shirt; and No. 111, the MY DAD WAS ELECTED TO CONGRESS AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY SHIRT shirt.

PRANK TWO:

Pretending to be producers for Don-

ahue interested in doing a show on congressional freshmen, we pre-interviewed several campaign aides, and one actual congressman-elect, to see if any would be suitable guests. We asked them similar questions and grouped their responses.

SPY: There are 111 new representatives this year. What makes your person unique?

FRANK GUERRA, AIDE TO REP. HENRY BONILLA (R-TEX.): Henry has never, ever held political office.

MARY FETSCH, AIDE TO REP. ELIZABETH FURSE (D-OREG.): She's never held elective office before.

PATTI MCCAFFERTY, AIDE TO REP. MARTIN MEEHAN (D-MASS.): This is the first time that he ever ran for office.

CLAIRE DEMATTEIS, AIDE TO REP. MICHAEL CASTLE (R-DEL.): He's going to be the only former governor in Congress.

Is he/she good for this type of show?

DEMATTEIS: The governor's good at TV stuff.

GUERRA: He's got a great smile, for what that's worth....Henry offers something different. When he's sitting on your panel, he will look different. Quite honestly, he will look different. He's a, you know, minority....He is an oddity, to be honest.

JAMES BIERY, CONSULTANT FOR REP. BOBBY RUSH (D-ILL.): I wouldn't say he's charismatic except when he's cranked up in a very friendly setting, and then he's great. But in public venues he

has a physical presence, an animal quality.

Does he/she have a sense of humor?

FETSCH: Oh, absolutely.

DEMATTEIS: Oh, absolutely.

REP. MEEHAN: [I could do] my Ted Kennedy impersonation.

Does he/she have any lively anecdotes to tell?

MEEHAN: I could relate a lot of embarrassing screwups in terms of scheduling and that kind of stuff.

Could he/she bring any props?

GUERRA: When you're trying to appeal to the Hispanic vote, it's hard to get them to read political materials. So...we created a cartoon.

FETSCH: She's bringing a dog to Washington to walk with her....I think it's a cross between a pit bull and something, and it just, like, sits.

Can he/she discuss any past traumas or challenges that were overcome?

GUERRA: Henry, as a kid when he was little, pumped gas and was a paperboy.

FETSCH: She has a very slight British accent. Very slight. Like, she says



'idear' with an *r* instead of 'idea.' [And] her husband's, like, ten years younger than she is.

DEMATTEIS: He was a bachelor until last May....He's 53. He married a woman who had never been married before either, and she's 39.

MEEHAN: [My press secretary told me] my chances of getting on would be a lot better if I was a transvestite or something.

PRANK THREE:

We pretended to be Henry Rose, the host of a New York talk-radio program, and phoned several of the freshman reps and interviewed them—*live!* Here are the highlights.

WE CALLED NICK SMITH (R-MICH.).

SPY: *What should we be doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?**

SMITH: My impression, Henry, is we've gotta be very careful, that moving through the United Nations effort has a great deal of merit right now.

Most new Congress members become more conscious of their image. Have you hired an image consultant?

I married my image consultant 35 years ago. She decides when I need to stand up straighter and pull my stomach in and dress sharper.

We've had a debate at the station and we'd like your input. Should the NFL have kept instant replay?

Um, I like it. I say keep [it].

WE CALLED JAY DICKEY (R-ARK.). *Bill Clinton has proposed lifting the ban on gays in the military. Do you support his position?*

No, sir....Those folks shouldn't impose their life-style on us.

Armies in Europe allow gay soldiers. What's different here?

Well, I think we have different standards. I know in the 4th District of

Arkansas, I don't know if we'd have anybody who'd be in favor of this.

The entire 4th District?

You know, we have a whole lot of dirt roads and gravel roads here in Arkansas. And you don't find a whole lot of tolerance for homosexuals on dirt roads.

Are you a cat or dog person?

Dog person. If more of us were like dogs, we'd be better off.

THE SECRET? VOLUME, VOLUME, VOLUME. Our catalog, below.

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001H/001S. Congressional coffee mug, pic. of Capitol Bldg., "House of Representatives" or "The Senate" in Gothic script. Red on white or white on blue. SPECIAL FOR FIRST-TERMERS! Set of 6. \$25.95

002. Special U.S. Flag! Many congressmen have flags that have flown above the capitol—now add to your collection with flags that have flown above other federal properties! Choose from Justice Department, Treasury Dept., State Dept., FBI, Pentagon, Smithsonian, Arlington Nat'l Cemetery, Coming soon—Lincoln Mem., Wash. Monument. Each flag comes with handsome certificate of authenticity, naming bldg. and date flag flown. \$9.95

003. Hi-ball glasses. Just like Sam Rayburn used to use! 16 oz., frosted, with Capitol Dome pictured. The perfect way to serve "iced tea"! Set of six. \$39.95

004H/004S. Congressional golf balls. Top-Flite with "House" or "Senate" printed on them. Makes a perfect gift for that special supporter. Set of three. \$6.

005H/005S. Desk set: brass letter-opener, glass paper weight, leatherette pen/pencil holder and blotter, all with "House of Representatives" or "Senate" neatly embossed. Looks very official. \$49.95

006H/006S. Congressional coasters, House or Senate, set of four. \$33.50
Pewee Silver Inlay. Add \$12.

102H/102S. Congressional Zubaz caps. Same logos as above, but with the distinctive and popular Zubaz design! \$13.95

103H/103S. Congressional T-shirts, "House of Representatives" or "The Senate" across chest. 100% cotton. Grey with blue printing, white with blue printing, blue with white printing. S-M-L-XL-XXL. \$14.95

104. Golf shirts, 100% cotton, with "U.S. Congress—Members Only" printed discretely above left breast. Colors: red, white, blue, beige, lime. \$19.95

105. Baseball shirts, cotton blend, with pinstripes and "U.S. Congress" written across chest in distinctive "Dodger" script. S-M-L-XL. \$29.95

106HD/106HR/106SD/106SR. NEW THIS YEAR! Congressional "varsity" jacket. The distinctive wood body and leather sleeve combination so popular around the country! Jackets have been customized according to Senate Democrats (navy blue shell, white sleeves, donkey logo punch), Senate Republicans (blue shell, red sleeves, elephant punch), House Democrats (red shell, white sleeves, donkey), House Republicans (red shell, blue sleeves, elephant). Be proud to wear your team colors! Same sizes as above. \$225.
With first name or office (speaker, maj./min. leader, capital days!) embroidered over breast. \$245

107. Congressional Ear Muffs. Perfect for those cold capital days! \$6.95

006. Silver-plated key chain with Uncle Sam "roll". \$2.75

009H/009S. Fountain pen with "House of Representatives" or "Senate" in gold. Make your mark! \$95.

010H/010S. Roller ball pen with "House of Representatives" or "The Senate" in gold. \$25.

011. Disposable "Congress of the United States" logo pen. \$1.25

012. SPECIAL! Decorate your office with framed portraits of your heroes! Choose from Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, FDR, Truman, JFK, Reagan, Coach Joe Gibbs, Mark Ryppien, Larry King! Each portrait 8x11, color, each, three for \$150! With autographs (available last four only), \$65 each three for \$180!

013. Map of Senatorial Hideaways! (available 2/1/93) The best-kept secrets on Capitol Hill—where each senator has his/her secret office—revealed! Valuable resource for whips, esp. during cloture calls! 3 copies for \$10.

014. The Senator: My Years with Ted Kennedy, by Richard E. Burke, Sr. Martin's Press. \$23.95

*** APPAREL ***

101H/101S. Baseball Caps, White or Navy, Capitol Dome, "House of Representatives" or "The Senate" embroidered, one size fits all. \$8.50
Twill. \$12.50
Wool. add \$4.
With military-style insignia on bill.

108H/108S. "A Congressman's/Senator's Best Friend" dog mat. For that special canine buddy to sleep on! \$29.95

*** SPECIAL ITEMS ***

111. "My Dad Was Elected to Congress and All I Got Was This Lousy Shirt!" Also available for "Mom" (111M), "Hubbawd" (111H), "Wife" (111W), and "Law Partner" (111L). Enjoy a good joke with your family or special friends. XS-S-M-L-XL. \$14.95.

112. "I Support Term Limits—For Them!" With two arrows humorously pointing at your neighbors, this shirt is bound to get a good laugh whenever you gather with your fellow legislators. S-M-L-XL. \$15.95.

113. "103rd Congress Deficit Buster" T-shirt. \$9.95.

114. "103rd Congress—End the Gridlock!" With a drawing of a bulldozer. \$9.95.

115. "Un! Ungawab! The 103rd's Got Freshmen Poweh!" Day-Glo green on white. \$9.95.

*** CLOSE-OUTS ***

108-92. "Support the President! Support Desert Storm!" Coffee Mug. \$1.95.

114-92. "Don't Blame Me, I Didn't Bounce A Thing!" T-shirts. Large supply. \$2 each 3 for \$5.

120-92. "I Believe Clarence" All sizes. \$2.25.

121-92. "102nd Congress Deficit Buster" T-shirt. \$1.95.

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ADDRESS: _____
PHONE: (office/home) _____

WE CALLED DON JOHNSON (D-GA.).

Do you support Bill Clinton's proposal to lift the ban on gays in the military?

No, I don't.

I find it surprising that, as Georgia's first openly gay congressman, you wouldn't support that.

I'm sorry, did you say...What? You said I was the first what?

Aren't you Georgia's first openly gay congressman?

No, that's not me, I don't know that there is one.

We had a story come over the wire—

No, that's not me. That's not me.

Are you any relation to Don Johnson, the great actor?

No, I tell ya, I get a lot of votes because of him—it helps my name recognition.

WE CALLED JAMES TALENT (R-MO.).

Have you hired an image consultant?

No, during the campaign my people, on their own, got somebody in who changed the glasses I was wearing.

[He] thought my glasses were outmoded and I said,

"All right, I'll go along with that," [and he] wanted me to go to a different place to get my hair cut, and I did. Uh, I haven't

changed—I mean, I got some new ties, I bought a new suit, but it was more 'cause I needed a new suit.

How did they change your glasses?

I had wire-rimmed. Not, you know, *narrow* wire-rims, but they felt it didn't frame my look as well as it should. I don't really understand it, but I went along with it because it was easier to do that than not to. I feel like I have a professional and fairly high-quality appearance.

What should we be doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?

I think anything we can do to use the (continued on page 51)

*Freedonia, Marx Brothers fans will recall, was the country in which *Duck Soup* was set.

SPY

Shop-o-Matic

Welcome to SPY's SHOP-O-MATIC, the foolproof method of acquiring everything you need—or at least an easy way to buy lots of swell stuff you might not find anywhere else. The SHOP-O-MATIC features a cavalcade of goods and services. Collect them all! Swap them with your friends! Just follow these simple SHOP-O-MATIC instructions:

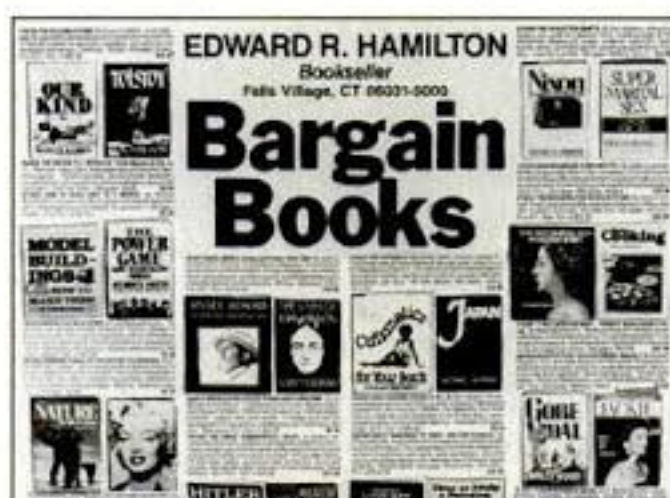
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1

2



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5

6



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7

8



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9

10

THE PLAYBOY



Collected from the pages of *Yummy Fur*, **THE PLAYBOY** is award-winning cartoonist Chester Brown's critically acclaimed account of the tortured and sometimes embarrassing effect *Playboy* magazine had on his development, from the time he nervously buys (and later destroys) his first *Playboy* at age 15, to how it later affected his relations with women in his adult life. Softcover; 176 pages; \$12.95 postpaid.

11

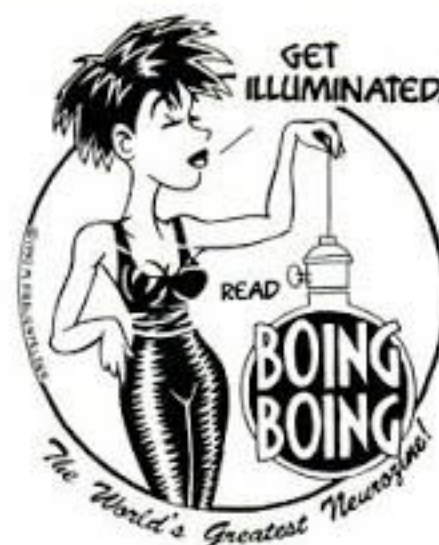
The Realist

Paul Krassner's irreverent newsletter features: Woody Allen's next movie; President Clinton's contra/cocaine connection; the ultimate Dan Quayle joke; how Admiral Stockdale prolonged the war—plus our regular roundup of bizarre news items. This issue is yours for \$2 or free with a 6-issue subscription for \$12. Also available, *The (Almost) Unpublished Lenny Bruce*, \$10.

12

13

14



bOING-bOING "The World's Greatest Neurozine" injects heaping doses of fringe culture, brain candy, cyberpunk, sex, and high weirdness directly into your nervous system. "Lives up to the promise of guerilla reality engineering"—*Mondo 2000*. "Covers the cyberdelic wavefront with intelligence and irreverence"—*Reflex*. "Smart and whimsical"—*Whole Earth Review*. Sample, \$3.95; four-issue subscription, \$14.

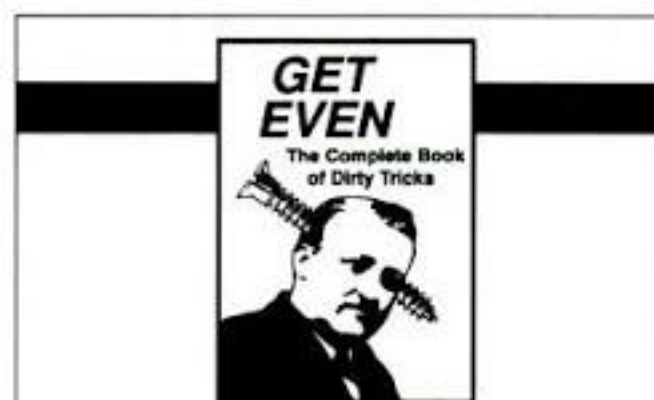
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16



CATALOG X, "the first tasteful adult catalog for gays, lesbians and discerning heterosexuals," contains a unique selection of **LEATHER GOODS, SAFE-SEX TOYS & SENSUAL PRODUCTS (for the timid and bold), LUBRICANTS, EROTIC LOTIONS, NUTRITIONAL SUPPLEMENTS & NATURAL HORMONE ENHANCERS, VIDEOS, BOOKS, MUSIC, CLOTHING**...designed to enhance lovemaking and personal pleasures. \$3 (refunded with order). Confidential and discreet. Must be at least 21.

17



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18

19



LIBIDO has been labeled everything from "a journal for highbrows who still have animal urges" to a "low-zoot, high-style literary magazine that peeks beneath our Freudian slips." *Playboy* calls it "our favorite source of contemporary erotica...a turn-on for both men and women, or at least English majors of both sexes." Its publishers, who know where *id*'s at, call *Libido* a literary answer to the horizontal urge. Sample, \$7; subscription, \$26. Eighty pages.

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21

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Plus \$1.50 handling fee: \$ 1.50
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4	SPY Headquarters Catalog	\$2.00
5	The Funny Times—Sample copy	\$2.00
6	The Funny Times—Subscription	\$17.50
7	Yellow Silk—Sample copy	\$7.50
8	Yellow Silk—Subscription	\$30.00
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17	Catalog X	\$3.00
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19	Paladin Press Catalog	\$2.00
20	Libido—Sample	\$7.00
21	Libido—Subscription	\$26.00

WHEN ALL THE RAZZING STOPPED



A SPECULATIVE LOOK
at the FIRST 100 DAYS
of the BUSH
POSTPRESIDENCY

Having been obliged to do such hard thinking all year long about the unruly presidential campaign just completed, pundits across America were delighted to settle into post-election autopilot and mull over possible developments during the first 100 days of the Clinton presidency. As usual, they picked an easy subject, leaving open the more challenging question: What will happen during the first 100 days of George Bush's *postpresidency*?

January 21, 1993: Begins postpresidential era by vacationing at his mother's home in Hobe Sound. Is spotted by a Secret Service agent wandering the halls at 4:00 a.m., looking tired and confused. When the agent calls to him, says, "Lee? Is that you, Lee?"

January 23: Tries to call John Major after breakfast "just to see how things are going." Has a pleasant chat with the receptionist at 10 Downing Street about the funny half-second lag that sometimes occurs during overseas conversations. Leaves a message.

January 27: Announces that he's all set to get going on the grandkids business. Is annoyed to hear that they are all in school in places far from where he is.

February 5: Turns down a \$700,000 advance from Random

House for his memoirs. "Don't take their first offer," he tells his agent. "Hold out for some big money."

February 11: Calls Fred Malek to ask if it's too late to get the compromising photos of Perot's daughter out. Leaves a message.

February 13: Is in a bad mood all day when the clue for 27 Across in the *TV Guide* crossword puzzle says RONNIE'S VP instead of HERO OF DESERT STORM.

February 23: Has a sharp exchange with Bar when she refuses to play paddleball with him after lunch because she'd rather stay in and "watch my programs."

February 28: Plays it cool when the head of his Secret Service detachment mentions how flabbergasting it is that someone at this number has been calling the private Oval Office telephone and asking President Clinton, "Do you have Prince Ozone in a can?"

March 4: When Bar asks if he wants chicken croquettes for dinner, responds by saying, "Veto, veto, veto."

March 7: Calls the secretary of State to volunteer for a secret mission to Serbia. Leaves a message.

March 12: After a weekend visit from grandson George P., spends days in his study practicing Nintendo.

March 23: Becomes very excited about organizing himself, Nixon, Ford, Reagan and—oh, why not?—Carter into a super-diplomatic corps that would go on high-level missions and solve

problems. Discussion breaks down when Nancy insists on being a member.

March 26: Gets bored. Makes a pass at his wife.

April 2: Spends the afternoon in the kitchen with the cook, Gladiola, telling her how he assembled an unprecedented worldwide coalition, and grating walnuts.

April 11: Surprises golf partners one afternoon by suddenly muttering on the green of the sixteenth hole, "Fucking Dick Darman. Well, fuck you, fuckhead."

April 16: Monopolizes the conversation when Bar's editor flies down from New York to discuss her new Millie book by talking about *his* plans to write his own dog book, see, a series of them, about a dog who's a congressman, then CIA director, and a bomber pilot, and so on.

April 19: Appears on the Home Shopping Network to sell some of his presidential windbreakers. Is asked to come back.

April 22: Signs with Birch Lane Press to write his memoirs for a \$65,000 advance.



April 24: Sleeps on the couch on the sun porch after Bar says, "For God's sake, George Bush, stop whining. I'm out of the White House, too, and my approval rating never went below 60 percent!"

April 26: Tries to get through during the viewer call-in segment of *Larry King Live* when Special Middle East Envoy Jim Baker appears to discuss the comprehensive treaty he just negotiated. Wonders if Jimmy is kidding when he tells King, "Don't take it, Larry, it's just a crank."

April 28: Postpones a game of paddleball with Neil until he and Bar have finished "watching our programs."

April 30: Flirts with Trish, a checkout girl at the Winn-Dixie supermarket. Feels bitterly ashamed and yet, suddenly, for the first time since Election Day, *free*.

—Jamie Malanowski

MR. BUSH SELLS HIS DREAM HOUSE

And YOU CAN BUY IT for \$135

When you think about it, there's probably no better symbol of George Bush's presidency than his Kennebunkport vacation home. Which may be why this charming little item is the only Bush souvenir sold in the federal government's National Archives catalog.

B. President Bush's Summer House. In 1903 George Herbert Walker, the President's grandfather, built Surf Ledge on a point of land known today as Walker's Point in Kennebunkport, ME. This limited-edition sculpture of Surf Ledge is embellished with roses, pine trees, Maine wildflowers, and animals that range from harbor seals to the President's dogs. Cast in hydrostone, each sculpture is hand painted, then signed by the artist and numbered. Made in Maine. 8 x 2½ inches tall. #11364 President Bush's Summer House \$135



We called to see if maybe we might now get some sort of deal, but a National Archives salesperson said, "We're not discounting those," adding that orders have actually picked up since Bush was voted out of office. When asked why she thought that was, she suggested, "Maybe for nostalgia reasons." ☺

SUCKERS continued from page 47

good offices of the U.S. government to assist stopping the killing over there, we should do.

Are you a dog or a cat person?

Basically a dog person. I certainly, though, wouldn't want to offend my constituents who are cat people, and I should say that being, I hope, a sensitive person, that I have nothing against cats, and had cats when I was a boy, and if we didn't have the two dogs, might very well be interested in having a cat now.

WE CALLED DAVID MANN (D-OHIO). *Bill Clinton has proposed lifting the ban on gays in the military. As Ohio's first openly gay congressman, do you support his position?*

As Ohio's first openly gay congressman—who're you talking about?

Uh, the story in USA Today about— Who is this? This isn't me.

It's not you?

No, no, no.

Is there another freshman who, uh— There are six from Ohio.

There are six?

Uh-huh, Uh-huh. Anyway, if that's true, that's something that's up at the other end of the state.

WE CALLED STEVE BUYER (R-IND.).

What sign are you?

I'm a Sagittarian.

What special qualities do you think you will bring to Washington as a Sagittarian?

We're very adventuresome. And I am going on a tremendous adventure that I recognize as a privilege, an honor and a public trust.

Do you approve of what we're doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?

Yeah. It's a different situation than the Middle East.

WE CALLED CORRINE BROWN (D-FLA.).

Do you approve of what we're doing to stop the ethnic cleansing in Freedonia?

Yes, and you know, I think all of those situations are very, very sad, and I just think we need to take action to assist the people.

What sign are you?

Scorpio.

Are there any special qualities you'll bring to Washington as a Scorpio?

Hardworking. Aggressive. Determination.

WE CALLED JAY INSLEE (D-WASH.).

Do you approve of what we're doing to stop what's going on in Freedonia?

I have to be honest with you, I'm not familiar with that proposal, um, but it's coming to the point now that a blind eye to it for the next ten years is not the answer.

Do you think the NFL should bring back instant replay?

I probably have the most strongest advocacy against the instant replay in the U.S. Congress.

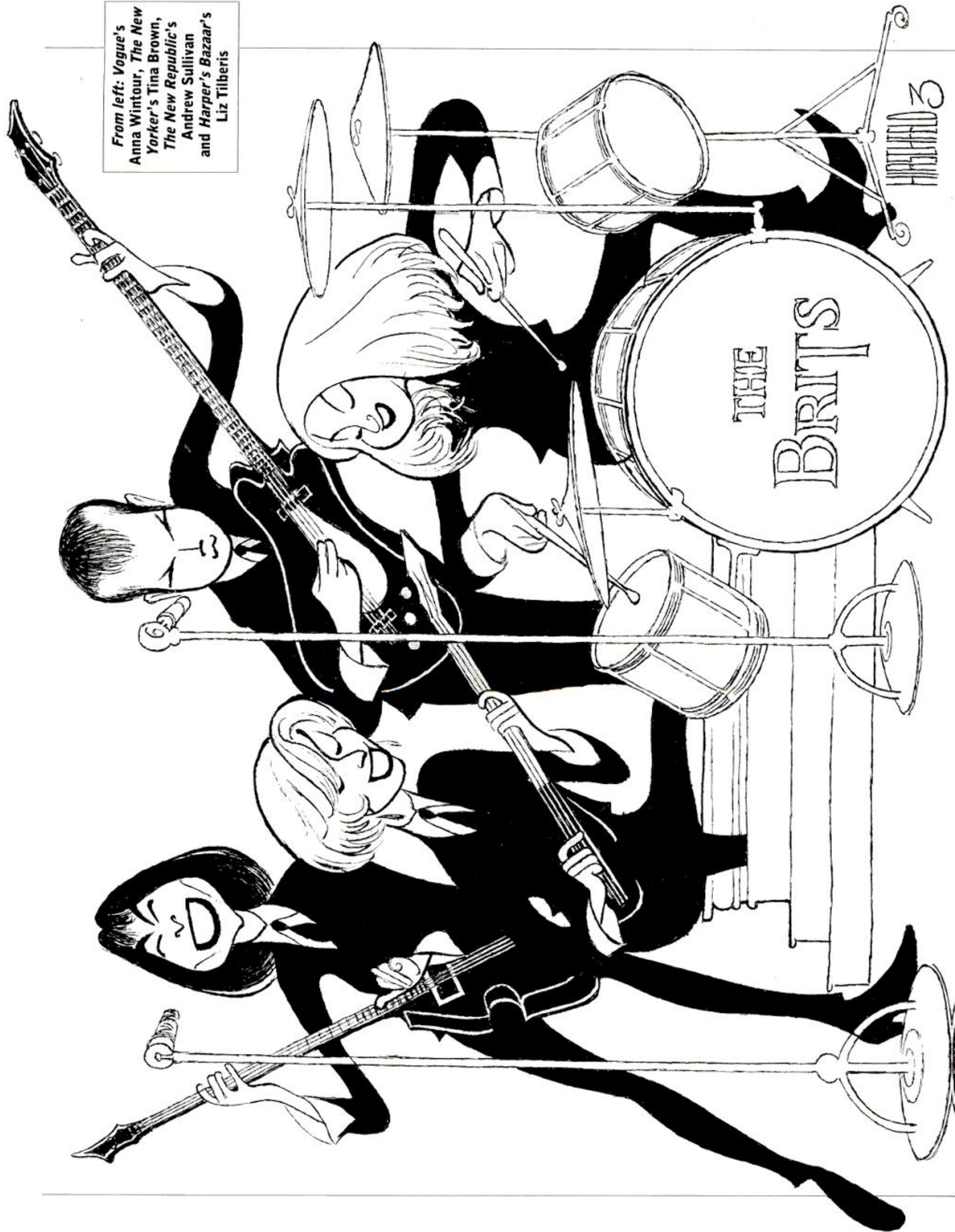
WE CALLED BOB GOODLATTE (R-VA.).

Do you know any good party games that might be used as icebreakers for your congressional orientation session?

[Pause.] No, I guess I'm going up there to learn. ☺

SPY'S FRESHMAN PRANK SQUAD: Daniel Carter, Jamie Malanowski, Jill Pope, Daniel Radosh, Andrea Rider, Hank Rosenfeld and Robin Sayers

From left: Vogue's
Anna Wintour, The New
Yorker's Tina Brown,
The New Republic's
Andrew Sullivan
and Harper's Bazaar's
Liz Tilberis



THE NEW BRITISH INVASION



**HOW AMERICAN PUBLISHING
HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY PEOPLE WITH
CHARMING ACCENTS AND BAD TEETH**

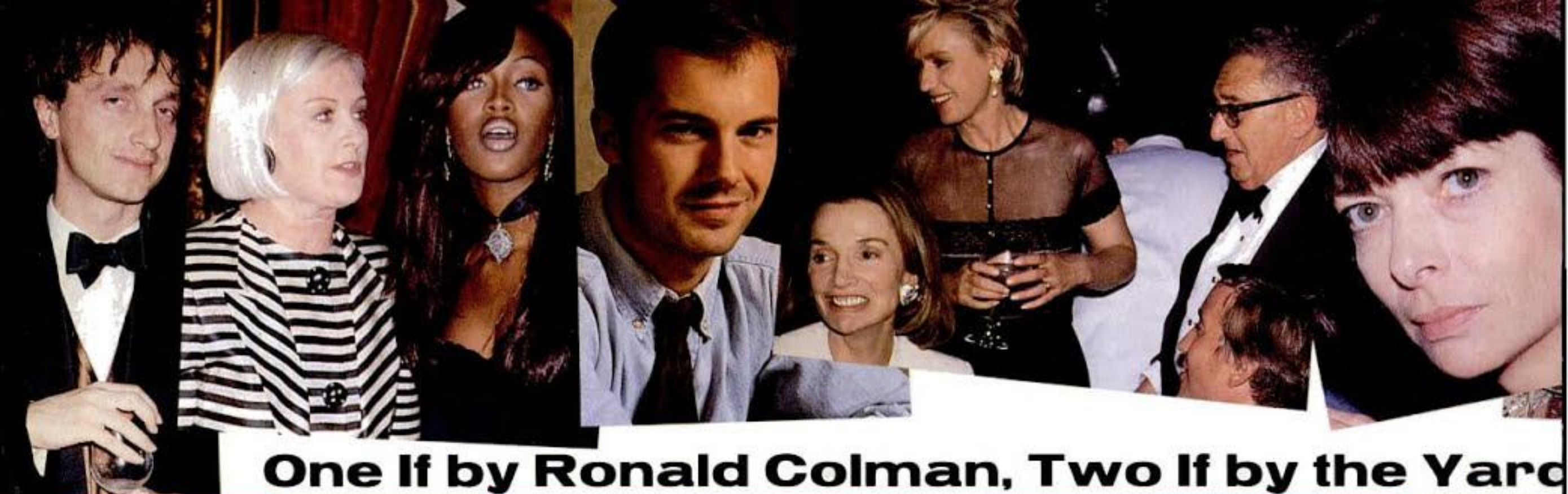
WE HAVE NOTHING AGAINST BRITAIN. It's a lovely country, a precious stone set in the silver sea, you might say, particularly since it's in decline and hasn't been a significant world power since—well, certainly since Suez, and every day there are fewer and fewer people alive who remember that debacle. Anyway, the country's pretty, and quaint, and visitors get so caught up watching the double-decker buses that some-

times several days pass before they realize that the funny taste in their mouths is from the lead in the air. But England is civilized, even though they don't do much in the way of painting or architecture anymore, and cordial, though you probably wouldn't want to go to a soccer match unless you want to be urinated upon by an alcoholic lorry driver in the grandstand above you.

But why focus on the negatives? Let's look on the bright side.

by Jamie Malanowski

Illustrated for SPY by Al Hirschfeld



One If by Ronald Colman, Two If by the Yard

INVASION	WHOLE THING STARTED BY	SUMMARY	MOTIVE
War of 1812	Napoleon	American sailors impressed by British navy; Americans invade Canada; Americans retreat from Canada; fighting subsidies; British go home	defense of shipping policies
Britons in 1930s Hollywood	Oscar Wilde	American producers impressed by British accents; import Wodehouse, Huxley, Waugh to write screenplays and Olivier to play Heathcliff; mania subsidies; British go home	money
1960s rock stars	Elvis	Beatle marketing frenzy results in importation of Dave Clark Five, Twiggy; mania subsidies; British (except John and Ringo) go home	money
1990s editors	S. I. Newhouse	Tina Brown made editor of <i>Vanity Fair</i> ; <i>Vanity Fair</i> loses money; major advertisers on cover; <i>Vanity Fair</i> makes money; Brits take over at least eight other major magazines	money

The class system doesn't mean everything it used to, and anti-Semitism and racism, at least among educated people, are genteel and coded and almost nonexistent when there's money to be made. And, look, there's a parliamentary system that produced John Major, and the whole royal tradition with its unremarkable old matron and her dysfunctional, undignified, unfaithful, underachieving issue. But there's the pomp! The heritage! The Page 3 girls! And do not forget the tradition of fine acting now upheld by Sting and Jane Seymour, and the legacy of pop music now upheld by Rick Astley. No wonder, then, that when you think British, you think classy, you think cosmopolitan, you think cutting edge.

And no wonder that on this side of the Atlantic we always have a bit of a self-confidence problem when in the presence of these gifted people. Our deficiencies seem glaring, as we in New York are particularly aware. The one area, of course, in which we're still dominant is journalism and magazines. Which is why we should give thanks that so many British journalists have suddenly arrived to reinvigorate our media with that special *je ne sais quoi* that can only be acquired in the atmosphere of no-longer-greatness prevailing in England today.

HARSH? TENDENTIOUS? *YOU BET!* IS GREAT BRITAIN not full of intelligent, witty journalists fully capable of running a magazine anywhere? Well, of course it is. Is Tina Brown not qualified to edit *The New Yorker*? Of course she is. Just as Anna Wintour is qualified to edit *Vogue* and Liz Tilberis is qualified to edit *Harper's*

Bazaar, and Andrew Sullivan *The New Republic*, and John O'Sullivan *National Review*, and James Truman *Details*. But aren't there *any* Americans who can do these jobs?

If the trend were limited to those half-dozen people, who among them earn \$2 million American, we might dismiss the development as a fad, like when six songs from *Saturday Night Fever* were on the *Billboard* Top 40. But these six are merely the tip of the iceberg. During a time when the economy in general has been in recession and the publishing economy has been in a depression, there are *dozens* of jobs—fine American-money-paying jobs at American-owned, American-read, printed-somewhere-out-in-the-American-Midwest magazines—that have gone to people with British accents. But maybe these Britons are all merely harbingers of the new globalism, and besides, isn't New York a zestier place with all these exotic people spending their fat paychecks all over town? (Okay, not all over town—at the restaurant 44, a couple of blocks from Condé Nast and run by a Brit.)

Ground zero of the new British invasion is, of course, at Condé Nast, where proprietor S. I. Newhouse, who is not British, seems bent on collecting an editorial executive from each country of the old British Empire. Anna and Tina and *Details*'s Truman are from England itself; *Vanity Fair*'s new editor, Graydon Carter, is from Canada (and has been a columnist for a London daily). *Mademoiselle*'s Gabé Doppelt is from South Africa—by way of London. Newhouse's two book-publishing jewels, Random House and Knopf, are run, respectively, by ex-London *Times* editor Harry Evans and Sonny Mehta, who is Indian by way of England. (We don't want to jinx



KNOW YOUR BRITS! Left to right: *Details*'s James Truman; *Harper's Bazaar*'s Liz Tilberis, with British citizen Naomi Campbell; *The New Republic*'s Andrew Sullivan; *The New Yorker*'s Tina Brown, flanked by quasi-Americans Lee Radziwill and Henry Kissinger; *Vogue*'s Anna Wintour; Knopf's Sonny Mehta; Christopher Hitchens of *Vanity Fair*; Random House's Harry Evans; *Mademoiselle*'s Gabé Doppelt; Brown with *Vanity Fair*'s Graydon Carter, a Canadian

Birds: A Capsule History of British Invasions

SPIRIT	RECURRENT THEME	STAR WARS CHARACTER INVADERS MOST RESEMBLE	LAST HURRAH	LESSON LEARNED	LEGACY
sneaky	battles	Darth Vader	Unaware that war is over, British fight Battle of New Orleans, suffer 2,096 casualties to 21 U.S.	Setting fire to the White House will get you nowhere	"The Star-Spangled Banner"
contemptuous	butlers	C3PO	Queen Elizabeth visits Hollywood in 1983, has dinner with Joan Collins	There are only so many butler parts	24 cricket clubs in greater Los Angeles
cheeky	Beatle boots	Chewbacca	Paul McCartney teams up with Stevie Wonder for "Ebony and Ivory"	Cheekiness becomes annoying	Julian Lennon
sneaky, contemptuous and cheeky	Madonna	Princess Leia	Tina Brown becomes member of <i>Vanity Fair</i> Hall of Fame, December 1992	If S. I. Newhouse likes you, you can wear sunglasses indoors and no one will laugh	Marie Brenner —Larissa MacFarquhar

the remaining American magazine editors in chief working for Newhouse, but if Si is spotted at The Four Seasons with anyone from Hong Kong or Kenya, you may want to ask your accountants if it makes sense to get your severance payments in a lump sum or spread out over several years.) The more shocking infestations come farther down and even off the mastheads, in the realms of assistant editors, graphic designers, editorial researchers, stylists, account managers and market-research analysts.

HG has an associate research editor who's English. *Condé Nast Traveler* has two English editors; their given names are Graham and Clyde, respectively; its English graphics art director bears the less singularly British name John. The creative director of *GQ* is an Englishman, Robert Priest, as is the fashion director of *Details*, Mark Whitaker. So is the managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, Chris Garrett. So is Grace Coddington, one of the fashion directors of *Vogue*. We could go on and on.

To be sure, it's not as though these people can just waltz in and snatch bread from the mouths of American workers without so much as a by-your-leave. No, Condé Nast has to employ an expensive law firm, which has to pilot a ton of paperwork past some Immigration and Naturalization Service bureaucrats, who have to rubber-stamp the applications. This process is about as complicated as signing up for a course at The Learning Annex, and probably not any more exclusionary.

Through the Freedom of Information Act, SPY has obtained more than 20 of the applications filed by foreign-born people who wished to work for Condé Nast in New York. From what we can see, the company has

claimed that these applicants fall into one of two classes of workers. First, those who work for Condé Nast Publications in Europe are "intracompany transferees," by which means the company can import foreign talent into America simply by hiring them for one of the European properties—*editor laundering*, in other words. In this way, Condé Nast has brought in some authentically creative people, such as Tina Brown. But it has also brought in people whose abilities are strictly administrative, to perform jobs that generally do not require sparks of genius unknown to people from Queens or Dayton or Marina del Rey.

The other category under which Condé Nast has classified applicants is "aliens of distinguished merit and ability [who are able] to perform services of an exceptional nature requiring such merit and ability." Well, *of course* they're exceptional—they can get interesting, glamorous work while lots of Americans can't! In fact the single attribute a foreign person needs to qualify as distinguished and exceptional is a college degree or equivalent work experience. Larry Weinig, head of adjudications at the Immigration and Naturalization Service, tells us that INS bureaucrats are empowered only to make sure applicants have their degrees. Certainly they are not called upon to consider whether an employer might be violating the spirit of the regulations by bringing in, along with genuinely brilliant people, what Weinig terms "journeymen." Which explains why a couple of years ago the INS approved straightaway one British applicant—who with her letter of recommendation from Mick Jagger was clearly an alien of

distinguished merit and ability—hired to be a *Vanity Fair* publicist, without ever really questioning if there is such a thing as a distinguished PR person.

Even though proof of a degree (or work experience) is all that is necessary for approval, Condé Nast attaches to most foreigners' applications fulsome letters of recommendation, often written by members of the Condé Nast personnel department. These letters often posit amusing rationales for approving the applicant. Consider this statement in support of a British design assistant at *Vogue*: "Fashion art direction, today, must have a universal base. As more and more cultural barriers come down, fashion is becoming a universal language. We must have on our staffs people who have international experience, in order that our pages, as it were, speak this language."

Dear Congress: Wake up and smell the *merde*.

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS THE BRITISH INVASION HAS entered a brazen new phase. An Englishwoman named Sara Giles, who had been *Vanity Fair*'s editor-at-large, was named its new European editor, although she will work in New York. Lynn Barber, Andrew Cockburn and Christopher Hitchens—all competent, all charming, all English—have become very well paid *Vanity Fair* contributing editors. Harold Pinter's stepdaughter Natasha Fraser is said to have been offered a job in the magazine's Los Angeles bureau, and the newly created post of London editor went to Henry Porter—yet another Englishman. At *The New Yorker*, Brown has also gone hog-wild. Mimi Kramer's theater column will now be written by John Lahr, a talented former American who is going to serve as theater critic while continuing to live in London. Brown has replaced the magazine's American film critic Michael Sragow with Anthony Lane, a writer for the *London Independent*; added a London bureau chief; appointed Martin Amis tennis correspondent; and invited Alexander Chancellor, a columnist for the *London Spectator*, to edit the magazine's Talk of the Town section.

Chancellor, happily, was imprudent enough to write in one of his final columns for *The Spectator* about being conscripted into the invading force. Citing a line from a *Times* article—the *Times* of New York—that the appointment of an Englishman to his new job "would once have been considered an outrage," Chancellor wondered why this was no longer so: "Maybe American journalists have temporarily lost the urge to protest. Looking helplessly on at this curious phenomenon, they may have decided that the best strategy is to lie low and

not complain....The outrage would be uncontrollable if anything similar were to happen here." Later, Chancellor elaborated on his contempt to a *London Times* reporter: "[I]t's perfectly extraordinary...the kind of supine way in which the Americans are taking it. There's no one standing up and saying: 'What are these Brits doing here?'...Here we wouldn't stand it for a second."

Well, we can't say we haven't been warned.

Meanwhile, supine American journalists were amused to hear that Chancellor had excitedly banged out a story about the big Christmas tree being erected in Rockefeller Center, a scoop on the order of reporting that the guards outside Buckingham Palace didn't blink or wink or nothin'! And *New Yorker* writers love telling about how baffled Chancellor was when an acquaintance mentioned Page Six of the *New York Post*. "What's Page Six?" the Talk of the Town editor asked.

Still, the British influence is real. A few issues into

Brown's reign, some *New Yorker* editor felt obliged to respond to a reader's letter about an article in which a British person was quoted using the word *smug*. Then came the all-England literary controversy in which John Le Carré, a Brit, took issue with Brown's commissioning a Talk of the Town piece by a London writer that slammed the biography by William Shawcross, a Brit, of Rupert Murdoch, the former Australian—and all while the book had been published in England but not in the U.S. (In the book, by the way, Mr. Tina Brown, Harry Evans, is quoted as saying that Alexander Chancellor "represents part of the effete old tired England." In December,

however, Evans signed Chancellor to write a book about his current posting in the States.) In the November 23 *New Yorker* the U.K.-ification spread: a three-page critique of *English Music*, by the English author Peter Ackroyd; a review of *The Wives of Henry VIII*, by Harold Pinter's wife, Lady Antonia Fraser; and, perhaps most sad, a Calvin Trillin column not about barbecued pork or dried alligator or some quirky Ohio murder case but about how he has a hard time understanding British slang. Two weeks later, Sidney Blumenthal wrote about the presidential election, and the uncanny influence several people from—all together now—England had over it.

Of course, all is not lost. As the cold, Londonish weather closed in, Anthea Disney, the British editor of *TV Guide*, performed a singular act of rebellion: She became an American citizen.

Up the colonies. 🐾

Some Jobs You Can't Have

The INS application of a British *Vanity Fair* photographer: "[Candidate will] photograph celebrities and members of 'society' at...social occasions. [C]andidate must possess sufficient social credibility...to be gained entry."

The INS application of a British *Traveler* art director: "The occasion to invite [candidate to work here] arose because we were unable in New York...to complete a major piece of graphic design presenting the beaches of the Caribbean."

The INS application of a British *Vanity Fair* publicist: "[Her] knowledge of the public relations world in England is both vast and varied."

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5AEH

In an era of junk-food journalism, here's a magazine you can sink your teeth into.

SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL ESPECIALLY SEX

CHUCK BERRY, WHO INVENTED ROCK 'N' ROLL, IS OBSESSED WITH MAKING DIRTY PICTURES OF HIMSELF WITH WHITE WOMEN. MADONNA, WHO DID NOT INVENT ROCK 'N' ROLL, IS OBSESSED WITH MAKING DIRTY PICTURES OF HERSELF WITH PEOPLE OF ALL GENDERS AND RACES. MADONNA'S OBSESSION IS MAKING HER RICH. CHUCK BERRY'S HAS GOTTEN HIM INTO A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE.

ON A HUMID DAY IN AN OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, an attorney and his private eye draw the window shades, ready to run some videos for a journalist. It is home stuff, a well-known celebrity. How they were obtained, no one's explaining just now. Suffice it to say there are 20 tapes in all, and that up until this moment, no member of the press or general public has looked at this strange, dark cache. It is ghastly, it is compelling, it is exclusive, and the lawyer and the detective are looking to sell.

"I have to tell you: What you're going to see will make you sick," says Vincent Huck, the P.I., a self-described hillbilly, former Special Forces black belt, sometimes DEA informant and, until recently, a

ILLUSTRATION BY E. PECK



THE OVERHEAD CAMERAS ALLOWED FOR AERIAL

handyman in the celebrity's employ. The attorney is Ron Boggs. He's a former elected prosecutor in St. Charles, Missouri, a preciously restored cobblestoned olde towne by the banks of the Missouri. Boggs scratches his head through the netting of his carefully mussed toupee, twists his leathered face into a frown. He hits PLAY.

A hotel suite, Lake Tahoe, five New Year's Eves ago. A circular bathtub, an attractive blond white woman. A black man steps naked into the tub, stands tall over the woman luxuriating in the suds. He has high cheekbones and dimples, sideburns past his earlobes, a bit of a bulb at the end of his nose. His hair is processed into a pompadour, combed straight back. He is sinewy and muscular, but there is weather on the bark. Look closer, he could be 60. Well preserved, you might say. He takes his penis in his hand. "See this here?" he asks the woman.

"Yes," she says, a little breathless, kind of coy.

"This is what you're gonna bathe in."

"It is?"

"Kiss it," he says. She does.

"You really love me?" he asks.

He begins to urinate. She raises her hands, trying to block the stream, and says, "I really love you."

"Put your hands down!" he orders. He lets fly again. "Take it! Take it! Open your mouth."

She holds her long hair back off her face and complies. He passes a long, low blast of gas. He finishes, one last spurt.

Now the man closes his eyes. He sighs. She begins to cry.

"How's that piss taste?" he asks. "Salty, ain't it? Did I piss in your eyes?"

"Yes."

"I pissed all over your neck and

your hair," he says as he swabs her face with a towel. "But you love me."

"I love you."

"I won't betray you. I won't betray you ever."

She reaches up for a kiss.

"Baby, I can't kiss you, you smell like piss. Stand up and take a shower."

Now Charles Edward Anderson Berry disappears from the frame, and she rises to shower. She puts on a little show for her date, the author of "Johnny B. Goode" and "Maybellene" (and its flip side, "Wee Wee Hours").

She finishes, turns off the water, begins a little dance with the towel. From behind the camera, Berry's voice is heard: "Now it's time for my breakfast."

They go back to the tub. He lies down. She straddles his face.

She defecates. He grunts like a wild animal.

THEY CALL THIS COPROPHILIA in the research, fetish on the streets and in bookstores where you can buy magazines with titles like *Shit Eaters*. Formerly it was part of the secret life of the loose-limbed, duck-walking hipster with the low-slung guitar, the happenin' threads and the wicked gleam in his eyes, one of the first inductees into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. For most people who have heard about Chuck Berry's recent legal troubles, a pot charge—criminal possession, a guilty plea, a sentence of probation and a \$5,000 donation to local rehab programs—was the first and last of it, an unremarkable two- or three-column-inch wire-service report. But Berry's more elaborate, more exceptional means of self-gratification remain the focus of at least seven civil suits, some in which he is the plaintiff, some in which he is defendant, including a class action involving 200 women all over the country.

BERRY WAS BORN IN ST. LOUIS, largest city in the Show Me State, on October 18, 1926, the descendant of slaves, masters and Indians, according to his plainly unghostwritten autobiography, an eight-year project that began in earnest with a typing course he took while serving four months in federal prison for tax evasion. It was his third time in the pen. Two indictments for violating the Mann Act—bringing a minor across state lines for purposes of sex—got him one dismissal and one guilty verdict, for which he served two years.

Published in 1987, *Chuck Berry: The Autobiography* serves in hindsight as a particular chronicle of one man's sexual psyche. Early on, a full page is devoted to two stories, one about a chicken his daddy rescued from the outhouse, the other about his first solo attempt on the indoor "slop jar." A long passage is devoted to "the white nurse lady in the navy-blue-and-white uniform" who came on house calls after his bout with pneumonia. "She chastised me whenever I would mess with gadgets in her nurse bag. Mother supported her in paddling me when I was into any mischief and I grew to fear [her]....I became determined to satisfy the nurse's instructions, and it wasn't long before the noticeable change in my mischievous nature brought a hug and a kiss from the nurse. The feeling of her lips, the same lips that forgave me after once punishing, has yet to leave my memory."

Miss Walker, his fourth-grade teacher, "had an enormous bottom that shifted when she stepped and rolled when she walked. Her threats were taken seriously by all not wanting to fall victim beneath her huge bottom, breathless." Harry, a high school friend, "fused the rocket that launched my...love of science and photography, which has cost me over three quarters

VIEWS OF THE TOILETS

HIGH SOCIETY
SECRET SEX PHOTOS
CHUCK BERRY NUDE!
Johnny B. Bad
With All Of His
WOMEN



of a million dollars in electronic equipment....To see a picture fade into view beneath the dark red light, especially of a nude, was amazing."

Soon came his first spell in prison, formative too: the young, handsome felon carrying on a flirtation with the white wife of the assistant warden. When he got out, he married a girl named Themetta Suggs. Eventually they would have four children. (They have remained married, leading separate lives, to this day.) Working two jobs, the young Berry found time to form a band, and in 1955, at age 28, a chance meeting with Muddy Waters in Chicago gave him entrée into Waters's recording company, where Berry soon taped "Maybellene." It would be the first of 14 Top Forty hits. Generally regarded as rock's most influential guitarist and songwriter, Berry became the musical godfather to bands as diverse as the Beatles, the Beach Boys, the Rolling Stones and U2.

In time, Berry would buy up large amounts of real estate in Wentzville, about 30 minutes west of St. Louis on I-70, a major east-west artery across the lower 48. He bought houses, trailer homes and commercial buildings and, in April 1957, 30 acres where he set about realizing his lifelong dream to build a country club. Berry Park Country Club was to be an interracial haven, a reminder of the pleasant days he'd spent as a boy working around the all-white Glencrest Country Club with his dad. (A place, his autobiography tells us, where he once stumbled upon a white couple making love. The woman teased him, and had him rub and kiss her feet.)

When Berry Park opened in August 1960, it averaged more than 1,000 customers a week. For a small admission price, guests could swim in the guitar-shaped swimming pool. There was hunting, fishing, dancing, a lodge with bedrooms. But by the end of the decade Berry Park had become a rough scene, beset by drugs and rowdiness. Eventually it was forced to close. Berry appeared in a few movies in Hollywood, continued touring, worked around his properties. His hobby, his relentless pursuit, was women. His book mentions dozens—a Texas millionairess, naughty nurses, a French sex bomb, a Native American girl, waitresses, stewardesses, hotel workers, on and on.

Nearing the conclusion of his 327-page memoir, the grandfather of 13 wrote the words that would become the preface to the current, messy phase of his life: "Now that I know much more about the writing of a book, strangely enough I intend to go for another. One that I will enjoy, the true story of my sex life. It shall not infringe on anyone or thing but me and my excessive desire to continue melting the ice of American hypocrisy regarding behavior and beliefs that are now 'in the closet' and only surface in court, crime, or comical conversation."

ON DECEMBER 27, 1989, it first became clear that something strange and unthinkable was going on in Wentzville. An article on page 4 of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reported that a civil suit for invasion of privacy had been filed in St. Charles County Circuit Court by Hosana A. Huck, a former cook at Southern Air, a Wentzville restaurant Berry bought in 1987. Huck alleged that



CHUCKIE'S IN LOVE, SORT OF:
A fun photo essay from January 1990
High Society magazine and from Berry's
own not-totally-hidden video

Berry had secretly installed video cameras in the women's restrooms and dressing rooms at the restaurant. The tapes, made over a one-year period, "were created for the improper purpose of the entertainment and gratification of the abnormal urination and coprophagous sexual fetishes and sexual predilections of Defendant Chuck Berry," the suit charged. The newspaper provided no further details.

In the coming months, two more suits would be filed against Berry, one a class action that lawyers say could involve as many as 200 women who'd visited the restaurant and Berry Park. Besides a number of tapes similar to the Lake Tahoe video—chronicling private assignations between Berry and various busty blond white women—the controversy focused on what Boggs would call "the toilet tapes." There were two, which Berry denied owning, showing hundreds of women, all shapes and ages, all white, in the act of relieving themselves. One of the cameras was evidently behind the toilet seat: The videos feature anatomical close-ups of girls and women at the moment of urination or defecation. The overhead cameras allowed for aerial views—aerial views of the toilets' contents during the seconds after the women stood but before they flushed.

Edited painstakingly into quick cuts—allegedly in Berry's well-equipped video workshop—the tapes amount to "highlight" films, showing only the actual flow of excreta. Sometimes the frame is frozen for a few

"COME UP TO THE BIG HOUSE AND ENTERTAIN"

seconds, lingering on moments that must have been considered particularly moving. Most of the females pictured appear to be of age. Some, however, appear to be as young as six, according to documents filed in connection with the cases.

How the tapes surfaced remains a point of contention. According to an affidavit filed by Vincent Huck, he had been working for Berry for about three years when, one day a little more than three years ago, he "received an anonymous telephone tip telling him that something of interest to him might be found in the trash dumpster located on public property...in Wentzville." In this scenario, according to sworn documents, Huck went to the Dumpster, looked inside and found, right on top, a cardboard box containing about 20 videos and about a dozen Polaroids. Fortuitously, his moment of discovering Berry's property in a public place was witnessed by local police. An anonymous caller had tipped them as well. And since he'd merely *found* the tapes and pictures, and had the police to vouch for him, Huck had an alibi if Berry ever accused him of stealing the tapes himself.

Huck went home, he says, and looked at the tapes. There suddenly appeared onscreen some parts of a

woman he recognized. It was Hosana, his wife. "My first inclination was to go after Berry with a baseball bat," he says. Instead he went to Boggs, the lawyer and former D.A. for whom he sometimes worked as an investigator.

According to some sources close to the case, however, the scenario may have played a bit differently. Some say an unhappy former girlfriend of Berry's led Huck to the tapes. Berry contends in a lawsuit that Huck found them on his own while spiriting around the Berry home one day in his capacity as handyman. And, some sources say, he found tape of his wife having sex with the father of rock 'n' roll.

A suit filed by Berry's attorneys in federal court claims that Vincent Huck, Boggs, Hosana Huck, her attorney, Tom Jones, and several others "entered into illicit negotiations with video distributors...to capitalize upon Mr. Berry's status as a world class performer." Berry's suit, the second of several he would bring, was filed shortly after Vincent Huck sold eight full-frontal-nude stills of Berry and various dates to *High Society* magazine. Berry's attorneys further allege that the Hucks, their attorneys and several others conspired to deprive Berry of his civil rights and to "blackmail [Berry] under threat of filing lawsuits and seeking his criminal prosecution" and asked Berry for \$10 million for the return of the tapes.

In any event, the discovery of the tapes, and Berry's apparent resistance to alleged blackmail attempts, set off further action. According to an affidavit filed by an agent of the so-called Multijurisdictional Enforcement Group, Huck had also been working at the time as an informant for the DEA and told them that Berry was a major trafficker in cocaine, carrying 25 kilos at a time into Wentzville in his guitar case. His drug business had netted him more than \$9 million over the years, according to the MEG affidavit.

Berry Park was raided one summer morning in 1990 at 5:00 a.m. by St. Charles County authorities. More than a dozen officers, some wearing ski masks, participated in the raid. Berry was away in Massachusetts. One of the things police were looking for, according to the search warrant, was "large quantities of cocaine" in a safe.

In the end, they seized three firearms, two plastic bags containing a "green plant material," some "hard dark brown material" in aluminum foil, seven trays of pornographic slides, 59 VHS videotapes, three paperback books and four newspapers described as "sexual in nature," and \$122,501 in cash. Although Berry's alleged coke dealing seemed to be the cops' overriding

NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO CHUCK BERRY DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN

GSTAAD, SWITZERLAND, is Europe's Aspen—a glamorous winter getaway for the continent's swells. It's the kind of place where millionaire playboys might lazily decide, *Let's throw a 1950s theme party for a few hundred of our friends. And let's hire Chuck Berry out here from America to perform.*

On one such occasion recently, Berry agreed to fly into Switzerland, provided he got all his money in advance and that there was a chauffeured Cadillac waiting for him at the airport. The party's organizers, however, decided that, what with Gstaad being prone to winter storms, a more snow-

worthy luxury vehicle—something in the Range Rover family—might make more sense. Upon seeing the unauthorized car, Berry became infuriated. When Chuck Berry asks for a Cadillac, he snarled at the chauffeur, *Chuck Berry gets a Cadillac.* The driver hastily attempted to make a switch, but

the rental agency, shockingly, had no Cadillacs available. When he explained this to Berry, the star replied, *Come to think of it, it's not really a problem. The reason why it's not a problem is 'cause there's a plane going back to New York in one and a half hours.* With that, he sat down with a smug look on his face while the driver scampered off to find, eventually, the grand General Motors Berrymobile that was demanded. —Daniel Radosh

ME," SAID BERRY

ing interest, police found no evidence of cocaine.

Nevertheless, county prosecutor William J. Hannah—Boggs's successor—promptly held a press conference and, according to a Berry lawsuit, declared that "Berry is involved in cocaine trafficking, earning millions a year." Three weeks later, after an editorial in the *Post-Dispatch* accused the elected prosecutor of "showboating" and of working with "bungled information," Berry was charged with one count of possession of marijuana and three counts of child abuse. Under Missouri law, the appearance of young people naked in videos constitutes child abuse. Berry, who had been on tour in Sweden when the charges were filed, turned himself in when he returned home. He denied making the tapes and using cocaine.

Now everyone got busy.

One of the lawyers moved to recruit toilet-tape victims for the class-action suit. There was talk of broadcasting a TV commercial to alert cross-country travelers who may have been caught unawares. Berry, meanwhile, hired an associate of Melvin Belli's. He sued for the return of his tapes. He sued lawyers and plaintiffs. He sued *High Society*.

Huck accused one of Berry's attorneys (who denies it) of hitting him in a brawl at Crow's Sports Bar in nearby St. Charles. And women came out everywhere with testimonials, ready to tell about "Charles."

Sharissa Kistner was one. She and her mom had lived with her sister in one of the trailers at Berry Park for a while. "It wasn't until he told me one day that he could see into my bedroom from his mansion that I began to wonder," says Kistner, who appears in the toilet tapes and is named as a plaintiff in the class-action suit. "Then came a real shock. He said, 'I was thinking of you yesterday while I was playing with myself.' Chuck wanted me to be his mistress. He begged me, offering a mink coat and a new car. He said, 'People will call you Mrs. Berry. All you have to do is come up to the big house and entertain me.'" Later, Kistner found a tiny video camera in the air-conditioning vent above her bed, she says.

Chuck Berry's wife of 42 years professes obliviousness. "I never read the papers," Themetta Berry says, "and most of the time I don't know what's going on in Chuck's life. I've heard he's in trouble, and he knows I'll stand by him."

Three months after the raid, the U.S. Attorney's office in St. Louis, without explanation, returned Berry's seized money. And then, on November 3, 1990, three days before the local elections, Berry sued the prosecutor, Bill Hannah, describing the criminal charges brought against him as "maliciously baseless" and politically motivated. "Hannah is basically trying to run for reelection at Chuck Berry's expense," said one of Berry's attorneys.

Hannah lost the election and, three weeks later, after extensive plea negotiations, dropped the criminal child-abuse charges; Berry dropped his suit against Hannah and agreed to two years' probation for a misdemeanor marijuana charge and to make a \$5,000 contribution to local substance-abuse programs.

Today at least seven suits by and against Berry are still pending. A visit around Thanksgiving to the rolling Mississippi River valley countryside that was once Berry Park finds the people's country club in a state of decay. The black oaks and cottonwoods have dropped their leaves across the brown expanse of grass where bikers and hippies once romped at three-day rock con-



CHUCK IN TROUBLE:
Left, going to court for tax evasion, 1979; right, being detained for kissing a white girl in Mississippi, 1959



certs. The lodge is boarded up, the bridge across the man-made lake has gone to peeling paint and splinters, a small set of bleachers lies tossed to the side. The gate is padlocked. There are no cars parked next to the double-wide trailer houses scattered across the property, no signs of life at the jumble of the main complex. Friends say Berry is touring in Europe [see "No Particular Place to Go," page 62].

"Look at all the guys who suddenly get rich and famous, and you understand why Charles lives out there like a recluse," says one of Berry's lawyers, who agrees, like many Berry friends, that the troubles and the suits against him amount to an "economic lynching" of another uppity black man.

"I mean, it's incredible, he can't go anywhere without people pestering him, and it's not even fun. He's got all this money, and all these women dying to fuck him, and all the time on his hands because being a rock star isn't a real time-consuming job, and you know, your imagination runs away with you. You could walk around Wentzville and ask people if they've ever imagined doing any of this stuff and they'd all tell you no. But if we could hook them up to a machine and their heads exploded if they lied, there'd be brains everywhere. There's a guy in a major law firm in St. Louis who won the 'Mr. Leather of America' contest. He's got three rings through his nipple. It's in us. It's in everybody." D

Natural Disasters

Barbara Walters Worries About Trees; Shirley MacLaine Walks on Water; Cher Has a Cow
by T. W. Irwin

While a sentimental view of nature is certainly not new, the rising alarm in regard to the physical state of the world has provided moments of such pretension that one is tempted to cut down a redwood. Not only is there sentimentality, there is a cynical opportunism so unabashed, so unembarrassedly mawkish, that it almost wins one's admiration.

In his column in the Styles section of the Sunday *New York Times*, Degen Pener reports that when Barbara Walters interviewed Kathie Lee and Frank Gifford, "Ms. Walters was concerned that the leaves on the Giffords' trees were too green. 'Barbara expressed her displeasure but not in an offensive way at all,' Mrs. Gifford said. 'I took her point exactly. She's a very wise woman. Our leaves hadn't changed enough....Nobody has any control of nature this year.'" Golly. It is difficult to recall, try as one might, the last year in which anybody had control of nature. "To give the setting more of an autumnal look, extra chrysanthemums were brought in," Pener continues. Not only does Mrs. Gifford condescend to autumn, she reminds us of the sagacity of Ms. Walters, as well as the egalitarian charm of what she would undoubtedly call her life-style. Of a double album of songs that she has recently recorded, she said, "I came home the other day and my housekeepers were dancing to one of them. It was so touching." Mrs. Gifford wants us to know that while she is a woman who can maintain staff, she can still be moved by the sight of them dancing to the sound of her voice.

Thankfully, interior decorators are alert to the perils that beset our fragile planet—as well as to the perils that threaten the walls of our dining rooms. In a recent issue of *W* magazine, Jenni Lau reports that designers are learning to "grapple with all the eco-issues." Jed Johnson, a protégé of Andy Warhol's, recently used pomegranate juice to stain the walls for a client who quite responsibly asked for an "all-natural" bedroom. "'Green tea on walls can be very elegant,' says William McDonough, the Manhattan-based architect....Cher's decorator, Ron Wilson, says that while it may look like his client has leopard skin rugs strewn throughout every one of her 15 dwellings, 'they're really cow skins printed with leopard dots.'" Such a relief—although one would have thought that 15 dwellings belonging to Cher would in itself be an affront to the environment.

In the November issue of *Commentary*, John Podhoretz, a visiting fellow at the Hudson Institute and the



Illustration by Michael Witte

30-ish author of an upcoming book about the Bush administration, reviews Michael Medved's book *Hollywood vs. America: Popular Culture and the War on Traditional Values*. Medved is made to sound so priggish, and yet whimsical, that one assumes the book is pastiche. But unfortunately, both Medved and Podhoretz are completely, relentlessly serious.

After describing Medved as the "affably innocuous" cohost of a movie-review show on PBS, Podhoretz praises Medved's book as having "eye-opening research, encyclopedic detail, and sophisticated analysis." This is a startling claim, since Podhoretz goes on to cite as an example of Medved's perspicuity the notion that Hollywood is a "community in which Shirley MacLaine has more followers than either Moses or Jesus." Perhaps this is meant to be an example of Medved's eye-opening research.

Medved's "sophisticated analysis" comes later in the review: His "most original insights have to do with the growing display of moral and spiritual ugliness onscreen, expressions of an anarchic streak which, more than anything else, defines today's Hollywood ethos. Cinematic characters now regularly vomit and urinate onscreen, presumably for no other reason than to impress upon the viewer the harsh nature of reality. And, of course, the language used has become progressively obscene. In 1991, Medved reports, the average R-rated movie contain[ed] 22 F-words, 14 S-words, and 5 A-words—providing its viewers with a major obscenity every two-and-a-half minutes." Not a hint of irony in the whole paragraph. Well, F me.

In *National Review*, David Klinghoffer writes a review of Gore Vidal's novel *Live from Golgotha* as if Klinghoffer's concern were Vidal's very self rather than his work. It begins, "Though he turned 67 last month, Gore Vidal looks and acts more and more like an oversized baby.... Vidal appears to have gained

weight and has surely lost hair, leaving his head a puffy, pastry-colored oval, not quite as soft and dilapidated as a baby's." Klinghoffer is very, very cross at Vidal for writing about homosexuality in the early Christian era, and for jokingly putting the words *cyberpunks* and *Zionists* into the mouths of first-century Jews. While one might say that Vidal takes a questionable risk in mixing his metaphors, not to mention his cultures, this lapse does not quite constitute the anti-Semitism of which Klinghoffer so easily accuses him. Nor do any of Vidal's faults as a writer justify a line in the last paragraph of Klinghoffer's review: "No, he doesn't have AIDS."


Skimming through the rest of the magazine, I could not help but notice the preponderance of what can only be called Manly Advertisements. In the opening pages, we are asked to buy a book about abortion called *Blood Money: Getting Rich Off a Woman's Right to Choose*, which is described as the abortion story no one else is telling. On subsequent pages, we are enjoined to purchase the work of Hemingway; books about Grant and Sherman; the authentic Indiana Jones leather jacket ("Now, you too can live the adventure"); the collected (war) histories of Churchill; and the magazine *The American Spectator* ("The Real Story of Anita Hill: Who Was the Mastermind Behind the Plot to Sabotage Clarence Thomas?").

Discouraged, I looked as far as page 49 before pausing with a kind of niggardly relief before an illustrated advertisement for fruitcake baked and sold by Trappist monks in Virginia. I quickly came to my senses: No leftist Maryknoll cakes here; no liberation-theology red-

pepper wreaths sold in these pages. The Trappists, I remembered, were just *National Review's* kind of monk—stoic, obsessive, with imaginary Indiana Jones leather jackets under their burlap robes.

Perhaps if I had been reading more responsible criticism, Anne Roiphe's editorial "Wachtler Scandal: Power Game Writ Large" in *The New York Observer* would have appeared less sentimental and less maudlin. Certainly I am grateful that Roiphe is not enraged by homosexuals, nor ordering nature to do as she wills, nor counting the number of times the s-word is used, but I do wish she would take a tougher view of things, with or without a leather jacket. She writes of the "Wachtler tragedy," in which New York's se-

nior judge anonymously and criminally harassed his ex-mistress and her daughter, "Yes, it's going to turn out that he is sick. Sick with a physical illness. Sick with a mental illness. But either way, sick with the illusions and delusions of power.... Didn't he hold the torch of power, power that other men envied? He was no fire-eater.... [The events] will leave behind the tale of a cruel city that provided everything for one of its winners except the feeling of being loved the way he needed to be loved, except the feeling of fullness and contentment that is the expectation of all and the lot of almost none. What was the hole Joy Silverman was expected to fill? Why are our psyches so apt to turn to Swiss cheese?"

What *was* the hole Joy Silverman was expected to fill? Anne Roiphe should spend some time doing penance for this kind of writing, perhaps macerating fruitcakes in Virginia. 

UNFORTUNATE METAPHOR OF THE MONTH

"Why hasn't
John Adams' opera *The
Death of Klinghoffer*
made the same
sort of splash as
the composer's earlier
Nixon in China?"
—*Time* magazine



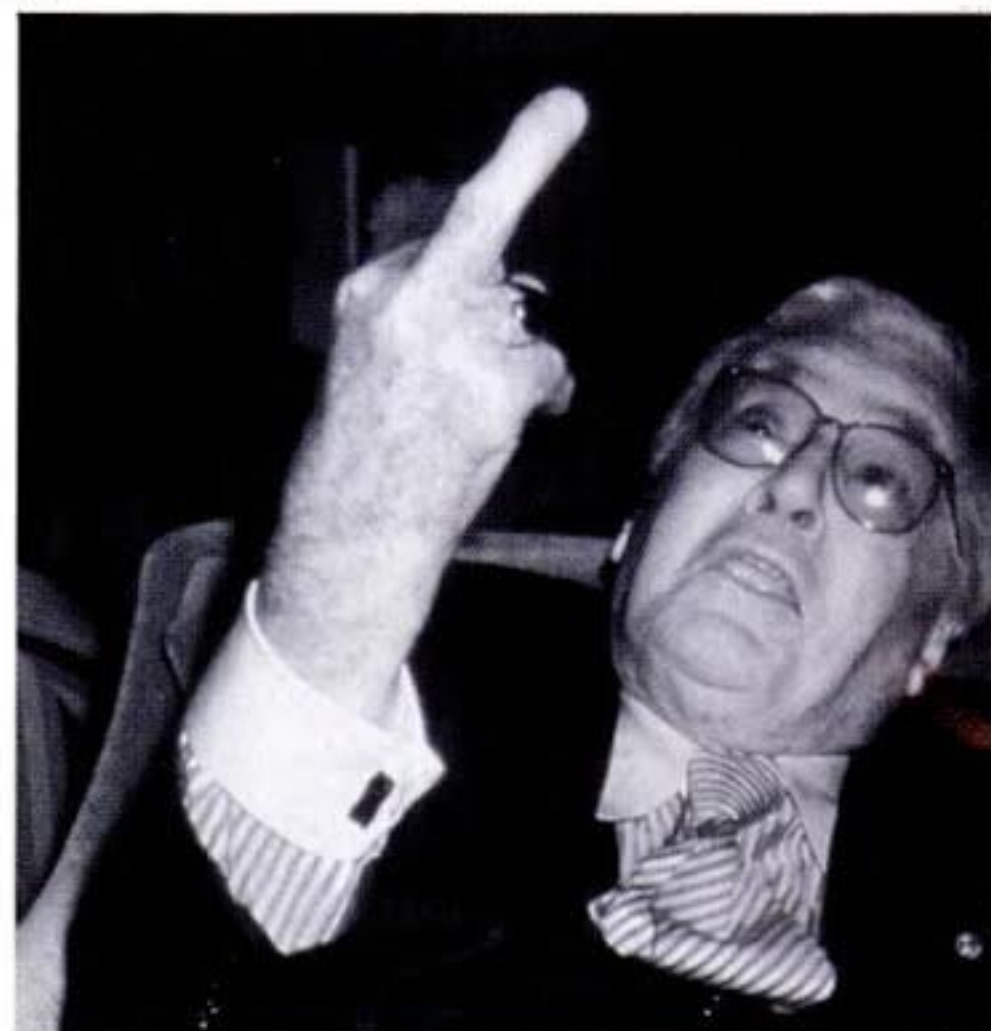
HUGE BREATHS The inflatable Bette Midler huffs and puffs at her birthday party.



DONALD DUCK Donald Trump imitates his Disney-character namesake for highly amused Guess? model Anna Smith.



NO FORKED TONGUE Brandon Tartikoff explains that he *really did* leave Paramount because of his daughter.



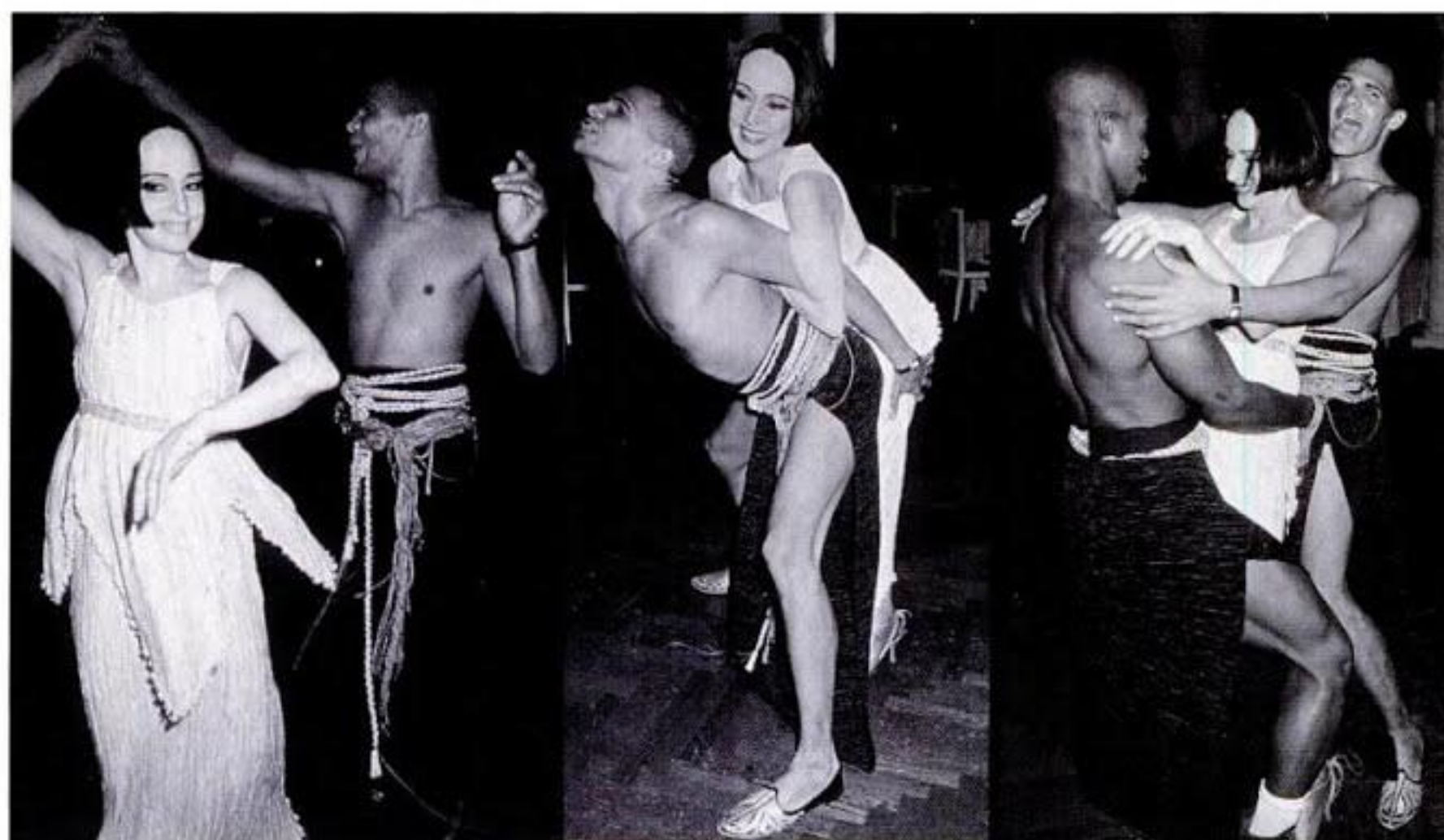
DIGITAL ARGUMENT Renowned attorney Melvin Belli engages in a spirited parley.



WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL LIKE YOUR HOST Henry Kissinger, Ann Getty and Farrah Fawcett apparently hypnotized



ROBIN BORG Prince of No-Longer-Great Tennis Players

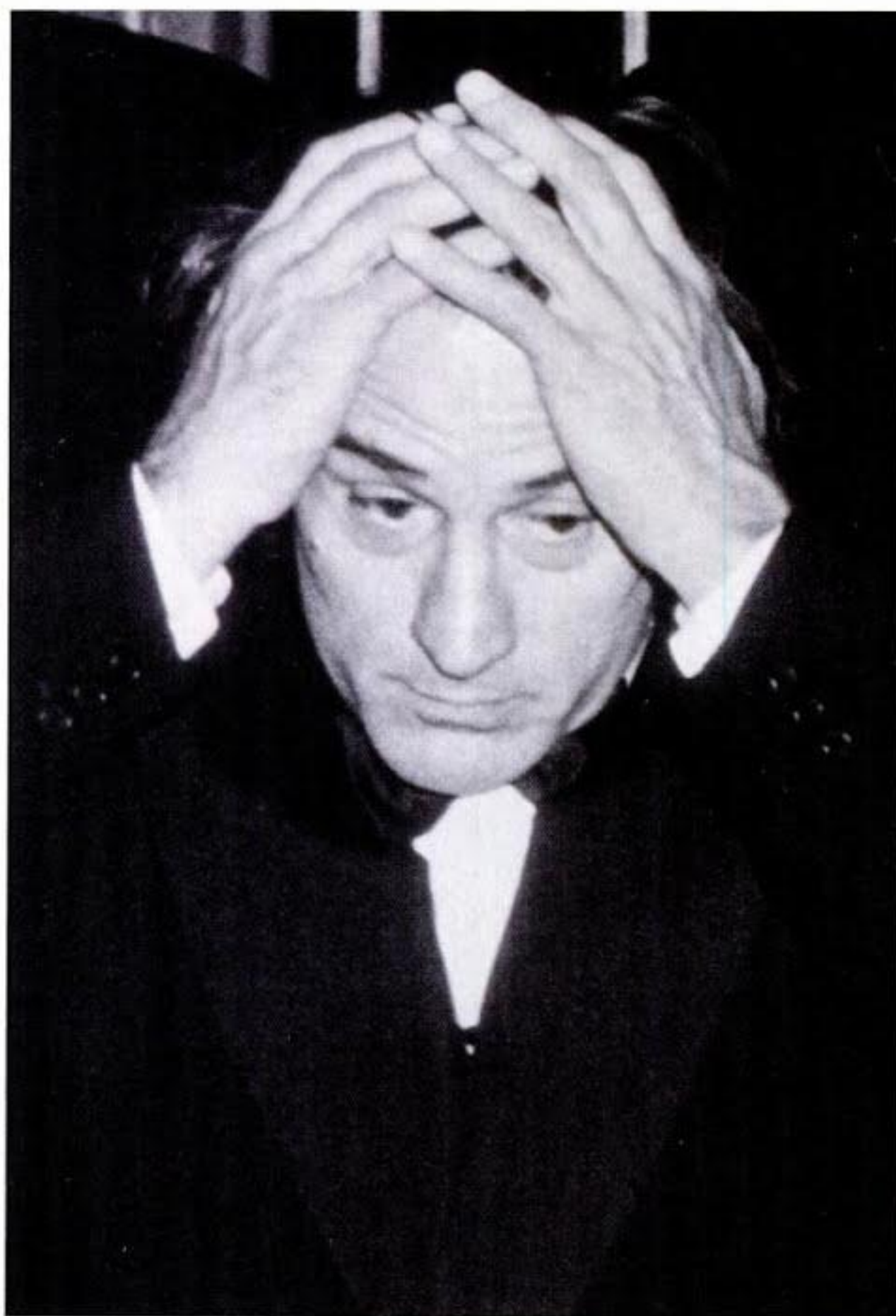


YOU'RE AS YOUNG AS YOU'RE FELT! Recently divorced cradle-robbing fashion designer Mary McFadden auditions her next two husbands.

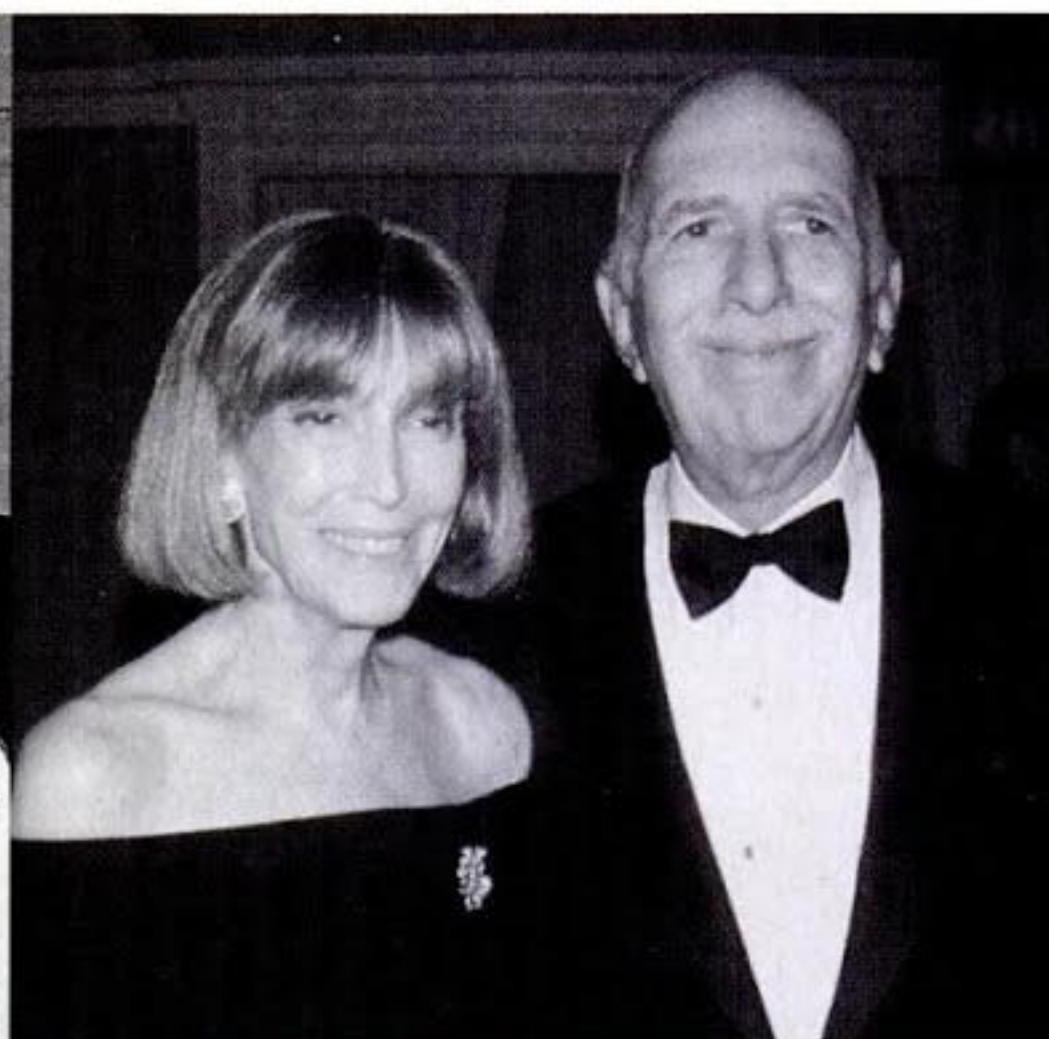
PARTY
POOP.



MEHTACOMEDY Witty Knopf president Sonny Mehta gets a laugh out of Knopf author John Updike by showing him a hangnail.



"MY HEAD IS EXPLODING!" Intense actor Bobby De Niro tries to remember whether it was Toukie at 8:00 and Naomi at 11:00 or the other way around.



THAT *VOGUE* GIRL Anna Wintour, *left*, with her husband, has seen her future, and it is *Cosmo* editor Helen Gurley Brown, *right*, with her husband.

PARTY
POOP.



HEY, MAN, WE BLEW IT Peter Fonda outfitted for what he hopes will become *Easy Rider* 1994



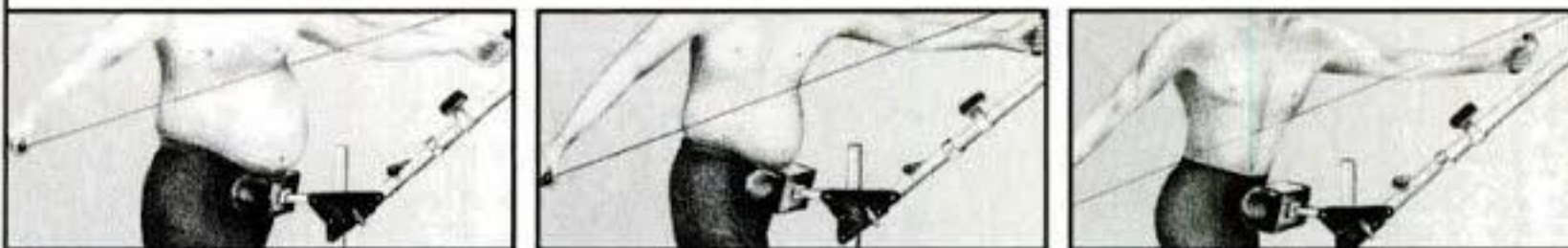
AL S: A quarter-century from now, what will be the hand symbol for the movie about Al Sharpton?

Photo Credits



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ANNOUNCEMENTS


Steven Harris, Esq.—Congratulations on passing the bar! So, about that loan...—Sis

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Congratulations to Nancy Jo and Special Agent JM.

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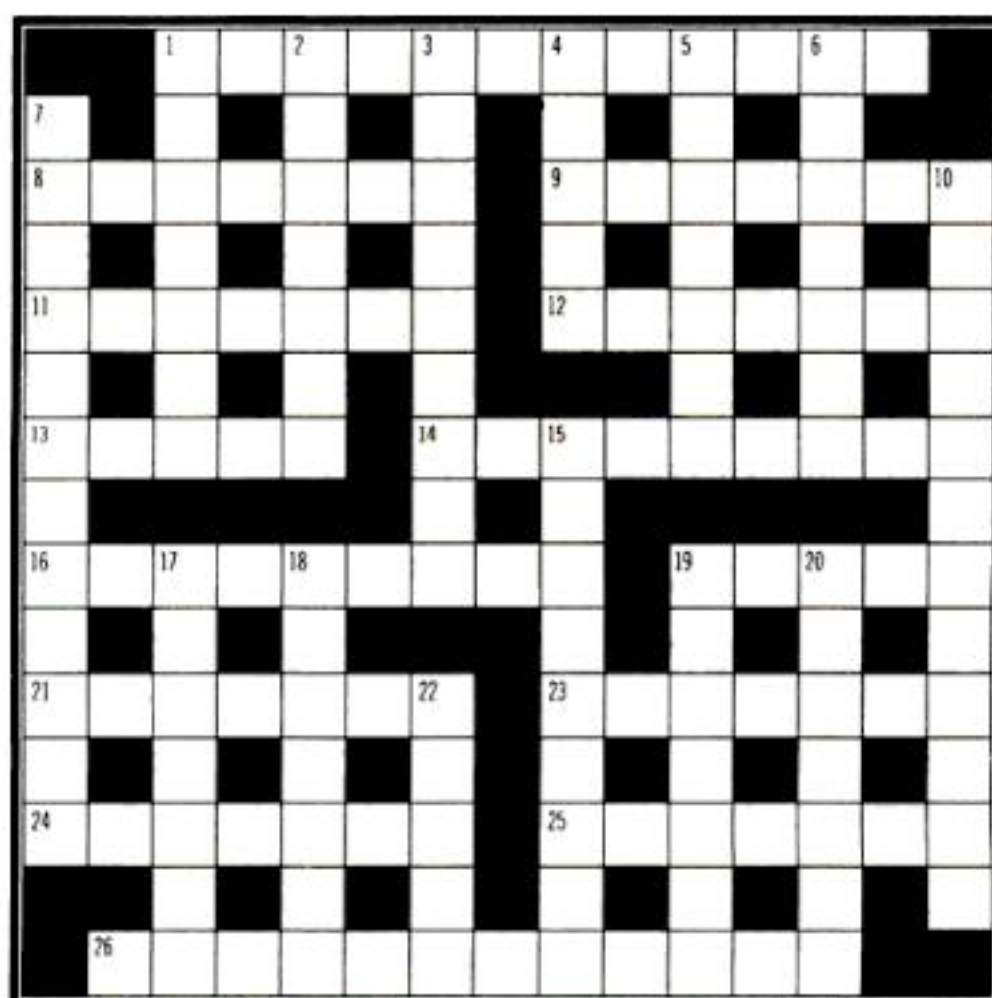
Loony Tunes Out, Merrie Melodies In?

by Roy Blount Jr.

Hope is all very well, but our infrastructure crumbles, our arms deals backfire and our missiles fail to clear the air. Where can the new White House find movement, snap, jollity, definition? Consider this: Our Simpsons don't malfunction.

And who was the most clearly effective figure in the Clinton-Gore campaign? The chicken. Bush wouldn't agree to television debates. Then at his televised rallies the chicken—that is, people in giant chicken costumes—began to appear. Bush tried to debate the chicken. The chicken, without speaking, won. Bush agreed to debate his human opponents. (He went on to call Clinton and Gore bozos, but he couldn't make the pop iconography work for him, because he was too goofy.)

Perot's most impressive stroke was in the first debate, when he said, "I'm all ears." Overall he was ill-focused: Topo Gigio? Jiminy Cricket? The battery bunny? But *becoming*



ACROSS 1. In one nation, foretell a new start. (12)

8. Unknown rodent in erotic spot makes a hot movie. (1-6)

9. Attila oddly knocked out a thousand in JFK Jr.'s condition. (7)

11. I had a laugh with an inhabitant of Spud State. (7)

12. Exclude retiring misspiker from place to rest a thirsty foot. (3,4)

13. Family valuists believe/ Every Adam needs _____. (2,3)

14. One male leader to be 101; Liberal one cold, foolish. (9) (Note: Remember our choice in '84?)

16. Will Bill fulfill ill will many times?/ Can you say that without _____. (3,6)

19. What NRA members do is not exactly so hot. (5)

21. "I see one-third of a nation ill-housed, ____." —FDR, Second Inaugural. (3-4)

23. If Clinton tried acid, he probably didn't do this, in South: roll around. (7)

24. Mouth sore? *Silence of the Lambs* killer has lubrication. (7)

25. Authorize wee romp, sort of. (7)

26. Little horse with limited range provides single client to Prostitutes of New York leaders. (3-5,4)

DOWN 1. "What's ____?" —Shakespeare. (2,1,4) (Note: Even if it's Bob Teeter or Orson Swindle.)

2. A princess with attitude provides tissue Clinton doesn't need. (7)

3. I'm staging dances for excessive growth. (9)

4. Joy! The comic shimmies to get back in shape. (5)

his own ears was worthy of Koko the Clown or Roger Rabbit.

Ronald Reagan's view of the Soviet Union seemed internally contradictory, because how could anything be both an "evil empire" and a "Mickey Mouse system"? But maybe the combination resonated with Americans who had stood in long lines in the hot sun with small children at Disney World. At any rate, if anything set forth by the last two White Houses deserves credit for bringing down communism (and in time, perhaps, capitalism), surely it is that most salient cartoon figure of the 1980s, Ronald Reagan himself.

Clinton is too hands-on to be a toon. But Robin Williams is a Democrat, and he takes all those different shapes in *Aladdin*—why not appoint him morale czar, and work out some kind of creative public-private financing of animation?

As for foreign affairs, the Gulf War was a TV movie; did it need actual carnage? Would it have been beyond our technology to project an image of, say, a mad dog over Baghdad? Or to drop barrages of bomb-size bouncing vinyl mad dogs? Can a tyrant long survive while his people are dodging big *boinging* mad dogs on CNN?

5. Teddy Roosevelt gets half into antic kind of yoga. (7)

6. Weirdo is not one you walk on. (7)

7. Very refreshing note: sexy assessment (see 8) takes in all but left and bottom two bits of new first lady. (12)

10. "With ____ none." —Lincoln, Second Inaugural. (6,6)

15. What baffled us for four years was heard in the Bible in flames. (9)

17. My! An eel wriggles for George and (legally) Bill and Clarence. (4,3)

18. What resisters do to extend. (4,3)

19. Warren's bubbly film of false info (page missing). (7)

20. Tree-huggers now will be having their day./ Better get out of the spotted _____. (4,3)

22. Big Indian town, in short, sounds like lox source. (5)

Answers appear on page 71.

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